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A Lawyer's  
Idle Hours

Haviland



24







# A LAWYER'S IDLE HOURS

SENTIMENT—FATHER—LAWYER

LIFE—DEATH—NOBILITY

AT A HALF CENT PER COPY UNDER THE NEW YORK COPYRIGHT LAW

FRANK MARPLES

Cloth, One Dollar. Paper, Fifty Cents

[Seventh Edition]

1902

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

362 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

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# A LAWYER'S IDLE HOURS

SENTIMENT—SATIRE—HUMOR

LIFE—DEATH—GLORY

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A HALF CENTURY UNDER THE NOM-DE-PLUME

FRANK MYRTLE

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Job Printing  
Department



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1902

## PREFACE.

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During idle hours of a half century past these verses were born.

The author during all these years hid behind the nom-de-plume—"Frank Myrtle." Now, however, as life's journey is nearing its close—that is, if we reckon three score and ten as a limit—it seems to him possible that thoughtful beings may gather inspiration from some of the life thoughts herein and become better citizens by reason of having perused them.

C. AUGUSTUS HAVILAND.

M675731





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SENTIMENT  
AND  
SATIRE



## WE'LL WIN THE RACE TOGETHER.

Old friend, sit down beside me now,  
I've something I would say;  
We've been good friends in days gone by—  
We're still good friends to-day.  
We haven't long, not very long,  
To tramp this world together.  
How often we have rambled round  
In rough and stormy weather!  
You know it all, old friend, as well as I,  
Perhaps we'll meet together by and by,  
Yes, by and by.

Old friend, just listen to me now;  
When angels bid me rise  
You'll be a friend to me, I know,  
And gently close these eyes;  
And my old bones—you'll care for them  
And lay them 'neath the heather—  
You know the spot we lingered round  
While worshipping together;  
You know it all, old friend, just wipe that eye,  
We'll surely meet together by and by,  
Yes, by and by.

Old friend, sit down a minute more,  
And bring that rocker near,  
You've been a faithful friend to me,  
So brush away that tear.  
Now, one thing more, those little sins,  
Just let them go, together,  
And then, with me, you'll ramble on  
Through every kind of weather.  
You'll win the race, old friend, as well as I,  
And we shall meet together by and by,  
Yes, by and by.

## CONTRARY FOLKS.

My wife, she gits contrary,  
An' so does little Jim;  
An' then, I gits contrary,  
An' sets about wollopin' him.  
An' Sue, she gits contrary,  
An' so does Martha Jane;  
An' then, the gal in the kitchen  
Commences a raisin' Cain.  
Then the fire, it gits contrary,  
An' the kitchen maid—in her pout—  
Keeps the milkman a standin' in the area  
Till he turns, contrary, about.  
An' the chambermaid gits contrary,  
Because, while a-dreamin' of bliss,  
Not me, but the chap wot boards with us,  
Just ventur's to give her a kiss.  
An' the old horse gits contrary,  
When to church we ventur' to go;  
An' sets himself back in the breachin'  
An' keeps us a half-hour or so.  
Then the Preacher gits contrary,  
An' he sets up a terrible shout  
'Bout the wicked ones, wot always stays  
Outdoors till the meetin's half out.  
An' the Deacon gits contrary,  
An' he don't want *ungodly dimes*  
To purchase the Preacher's holy bread  
Or to pay for the ringing of chimes.

An' Sister Brown gits contrary,  
An' thinks what the Preacher said  
Was a shot at us, so Christian-like  
She turns aside *her head*.

An' they all gits a little contrary,  
An' sometimes they gits in a pet;  
An' they thinks nobody's a Christian,  
An' none to the good place will get,  
Save those who thinks as they thinks;  
An' I heard old Parson Dill  
Tell Joe (who belongs to t'other church)  
"That he'd swallered a hell-fire pill."

So I sometimes stops an' wonders  
Whether earth is the only spot  
Where the people git contrary  
When their brain gits a little bit hot.  
An' I looks to the skies up yonder,  
Where they say, "all souls be at rest,"  
An' I can't help a thinking that up there *may*  
*go*

Some contrary souls with the rest.

An' the older I gits, the more I thinks  
That charity here below  
Is a blessed virtue—and Parson Blinks  
Is the man wot ought for to know  
That a little charity now and then—  
Mixed in with the sermons and prayers—  
Will reach the hearts of contrary men  
Who are troubled with sorrows and cares.

## RESTING THE ANCHOR.

When the sky is overcast  
And amid life's wintry blast  
    We are rocking o'er the billows, day by day,  
It is well to look around  
Till a harbor safe is found,  
    Where the anchor of our soul in peace can lay.

When the sky is clouded o'er  
And we're drifting near the shore,  
    While the breakers they are beating o'er our way,  
It is well to take the chart  
Resting 'neath a Father's heart  
    As the beacon light to guide us lest we stray.

When the clouds give way at last  
And our dying hour is pass'd;  
    When this living soul is nestling here no more,  
'Twill be well if God can say—  
We have walked the honored way,  
    And our anchor's resting on the Golden Shore.



### MY FAITHFUL FRIEND.

I had a friend, he was to me  
As faithful as a friend could be ;  
He watched my footsteps day by day,  
He waited while life's weary way  
I trod, and with the day's work done—  
He was the ever faithful one  
To bid me welcome, and to stay  
Beside my couch till break of day.

He was a friend, not like to those  
That come and go—as wind that blows—  
First to the right and then the left  
Sometimes all smiles, and then bereft  
Of all that makes for friendship here  
And leaves its sting to bring a tear.

He stood beside me long and well—  
My faithful watch-dog—who can tell  
Why to another sphere he goes;  
Is it to lighten others' woes?  
Like human kind he bore his part  
But unlike man he left no smart.  
His life was run without a stain,  
Who then shall say he lived in vain?

## THE HOUR OF REST.

In solitude I love to dwell,  
With no one nigh to break the spell  
Of meditation.

To sit me down and fondly drink  
The balmy air, alone, and think  
In adoration.

Amid the blossoms, and the flowers,  
The drooping limbs in Nature's bowers,  
Of transformation.

Away from ceaseless strife and such,  
The things that doth annoy me much  
In every station.

How few there be who reach retreats  
Where mortal man may sip the sweets  
Of God's creation.

Lakewood, 1893.

## ACROSS THE MYSTIC LINE.

### *Death of General Logan.*

"Across the mystic line"—ah yes!  
The hero-statesman now at rest,  
Among the brave ones and the bless'd,  
Across the mystic line.

Across the mystic line he goes  
To join, alike, the friends and foes  
Who bravely stood—for what?—God knows,  
Across the mystic line.

Across the mystic line, aye, there  
He greets his comrades, and a prayer  
Goes forth—'tis victory!—free from care  
Across the mystic line.

Across the mystic line they stand,  
The brave who loved their native land,  
The faithful ones—at God's right hand,  
Across the mystic line.

Across the mystic line we, too,  
Must go, and soon, aye, soon, we'll know  
Why God, the Father, willeth so,  
Across the mystic line.

Washington, D. C., December 29, 1886.

## REVERIES BY THE WAYSIDE.

This little rose—I plucked it on my way;  
It seemed so sweet I could not let it stay—  
So full of fragrance; aye, so bright and fair  
I could not leave it with its comrades there—  
To sip the autumn dews that bear away  
The precious flowers that cannot with us stay.

So, too, a Father, reaching from above,  
Doth oftentimes pluck the fairest flowers in love,  
And leave us wondering why our gifts, so fair,  
Are borne away, unmindful of our prayer.

Could we but know? perhaps a Father, wise,  
Doth bear these precious flowers beyond the skies  
Lest in the tempest, on life's rugged way,  
They too, like others, may be borne astray.

## SOMEBODY LOVES ME.

Somebody loves me, that I know,  
Somebody watches where'er I go;  
And when this body is borne away  
Somebody over my grave will lay  
An ivy green; and on my bier  
Somebody there will drop a tear.  
Somebody watches o'er my way,  
Somebody bids me longer stay.

Yes! Yes! O, yes!  
Somebody bids me stay.

Somebody loves me—yes, 'tis true,  
Somebody's loving will help me through;  
And when the pathway is dark and drear  
Somebody kindly this heart will cheer;  
And o'er my way, where e'er it be,  
Somebody's loving face I'll see.  
Somebody watches where'er I stray,  
Somebody guards my lonely way.

Yes! Yes! O, yes!  
Somebody guards my way.

## THE BUCKET OF OUR FATHERS.

There's a home out in the wildwood  
Where our loved ones used to stay,  
With its bucket and its fountain  
With no water rent to pay;  
And I look around me now,  
But no bucket can I see,  
For the bucket of our fathers  
Has gone back on you and me.

Now they say that in the cities  
All the old wells have run dry,  
Since they've planted water pipes all round  
And upward toward the sky;  
But over on the hillside  
We can see the watershed,  
With four great walls to gather in  
The muddy ponds—all dead.

There are kind friends lingering 'round us  
Who prefer their liquids hot;  
But this heart of mine is yearning  
For the dear and sacred spot  
With its well of clear, cold water,  
With its water pure and free,  
Far better than the watersheds  
Turn out for you and me.

I am longing for the wildwood  
Where the old folks used to stay,  
In the days of early childhood  
Where barefooted I could play;  
And I look around me now,  
But no bucket can I see,  
For the bucket of our fathers  
Has gone back on you and me.

#### CONSOLATION.

The little flower has faded  
And withered in a day,  
Its precious gem has fallen  
Amid the golden spray;  
Its beauties shine resplendent  
Beyond the vale of tears;  
Forget all earthly sorrows  
And quiet all thy fears.

### AN OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

They tell me I am growing old,  
That o'er my wrinkled face  
The lines grow deeper, year by year,  
For watchful friends to trace;  
That, now and then, my feeble pulse  
Moves slowly on its way,  
And seems to halt, as if it were  
A task its part to play.

They tell me I am growing old,  
That I must soon prepare  
To meet my friends, beyond the tomb,  
And give up worldly care;  
It seems so strange, and yet I know  
The curtain quickly falls,  
As death comes in, at its wild pace,  
When God, the Father, calls.

They tell me I am growing old,  
That life with me can stay  
But little longer at the most,  
When death its part must play;  
They tell me that beyond the stars  
There is a home for me,  
And when I look up there, methinks  
That brighter home I see.



They tell me I am growing old;  
Ah, yes, I must believe  
That death is near, and even now  
Begins its web to weave;  
I see it crossing o'er my path,  
The chariot draweth nigh—  
Ring down the curtain on the scene  
While I ascend on high.

#### MY JOHNNY AND I.

Under the quince tree, my Johnny and I  
Sat thinking of days that would come by and by,  
In the long, long ago, ere the honeymoon sped  
With its days to be numbered along with the dead.

Under the quince tree, my Johnny and I  
Gazed up at the stars in the days long gone by,  
When the clouds hovered round and our cup full of  
cheer  
Was o'erflowing with blessings to comfort us here.

Under the quince tree, my Johnny and I  
No longer sit dreaming of days by and by;  
For the fruit of the quince tree, like people I see,  
Will grow gnarly with age like my Johnny and me.  
Sheet Music, 1880.

## THE BIBLE OF OUR FATHERS.

There was once a grand old Bible  
In the good old days gone by,  
But now the book our fathers loved  
Is landed high and dry;  
And there's little left but dainty bits  
Of the sermons writ on stone—  
It seems as though the parsons think  
Our age can go it alone.

The solid meat they have cast aside,  
The phrases are all made new,  
And, after a while, the wicked may say  
There's nothing more to do  
But hack all around at the parsons,  
Who have whittled the good book away,  
And leave the sainted old volume  
On the library shelves to stay,  
Till the weak and weary pilgrim,  
Who is beating along life's course,  
Shall pause in meditation  
When bowed down with remorse.

O, give me the grand old volume,  
With its leaves all fumbled o'er;  
The book our fathers loved so well,  
The book with its precious store;  
With its words as the good men writ them,  
E'en though there's a bit of gloom,  
For it guides us along the better path  
And brightens our way to the tomb.

## REVERIES OF SPRING-TIME.

When the blossoms come to cheer us  
As we journey on our way;  
When kind nature's sweetest warblers  
Come to sing their pleasing lay;  
When the blades of grass are gleaming,  
In the early morning dew,  
Then 'tis well to give up dreaming  
And life's earnest task pursue.

When the flowers come back to greet us  
On their resurrection morn;  
When the gentle breezes meet us  
In the summer, newly born;  
When the sky is gilded over  
With the sunset's gorgeous hues,  
Then 'tis well to pause and ponder  
While amid life's scenes we muse.

When the flowers of life are blooming  
In the summer, all serene;  
When a cloudless sky is beaming  
On our bark adown the stream;  
When the heavens, lit with glory,  
All resplendent light our way,  
Let us guard the ever present  
That our footsteps do not stray.

### SUMMER LEAFLETS.

Once more the golden haze of June  
    Spreads its bright halo on our way;  
Once more the garlands round the moon  
    Like lovers' arms, unconscious lay.  
Once more the summer leaflets wave,  
    And gentle zephyrs float along;  
Once more the stars above us crave  
    The sweetest echoes from our song.

Once more the blades of grass arise  
    When trod upon from day to day;  
Once more they whisper to the skies,  
    And echo forth what lovers say;  
Once more the birds their carols bring  
    Like angels' whispers from above;  
Once more the climbing vines portray  
    The tendrils of a woman's love.

Once more the bright and sparkling dew  
    Lays all its treasure at our feet;  
Once more the roses by our path  
    Lift up their heads fond hearts to greet;  
Once more, while moon and stars all bear  
    Their sweetest smiles to light our way;  
Once more we linger with our loves  
    And bid the moments longer stay.

## THE NOBBY POLICEMAN.

O, wouldn't it be nice to be a nobby man,  
A guardian of the peace and an honored citizen,  
With a gorgeous suit of blue and a piccadilly collar,  
And a roomy outside pocket for every stranger's dollar.

Then I could walk my beat and I'd never, never see  
What was going on about me in this land of liberty.

O, wouldn't it be nice to hear the people say,  
"Behold this 'honored soldier' who guards our homes  
to-day";

With a gorgeous suit of blue and a piccadilly collar,  
And a roomy outside pocket for every stranger's dollar.

Then I could travel 'round like the heathenish Chineese,  
And the boys could have "a puddin'" in this land of  
liberty.

O, wouldn't it be nice to pack the dimes away,  
And when old age is coming on, then for a pension  
lay;

With a gorgeous suit of blue and a piccadilly collar,  
And a roomy outside pocket for every stranger's dollar.

Then with our nation's heroes I could always honored  
be,

Like the soldiers of the army in this land of liberty.

Sheet music, 1880.

### STARLIGHT MUSINGS.

In the twilight I am sitting, gazing on the sunlight  
rays,  
As they sparkle now before me, where fair Venus  
gently plays;  
While the beams of day rest o'er her as the twilight  
glides away,  
Leaving earth in darkness shrouded till there comes  
another day.

I am gazing—heavenward gazing, wondering why  
that beauteous star  
Sits enthroned as queen of planets, casting sunlight  
near and far,  
For the human race of earthland, as it journeyeth to-  
ward the tomb,  
Bidding all our sorrows vanish, while it sparkles 'mid  
the gloom.

I am sitting, vainly wondering whether 'tis the "home  
above,"  
Where the spirit fondly lingers when it parts with  
earthly love;  
And I'm wondering—idly wondering whether all  
those sunlight rays  
Gild the paradise above us, where our loved ones join  
in praise.

Aye, I'm sitting, gazing fondly—while the gem is  
there enthroned,  
Musing to myself and pondering—are earth's sorrows  
all atoned  
By a transport to fair Venus? If it be so God be  
praised—  
Would that we might solve the problem of a loving  
Father's ways!



## MUSINGS WITH NATURE.

I hear the joyous music from our Father's grand domain;  
I listen to His rain drops pattering 'gainst our window pane;  
And when I hear the chorus in the rivulets passing by,  
I think of Him—our Father—who ruleth from on high.

I wander, when I'm weary, 'neath the shadow of His trees;  
I gaze upon the foliage singing anthems in the breeze;  
And there I read from nature, 'neath that canopy of blue,  
Of Him who sits in glory guarding all whose lives are true.

I watch the gentle crumbling of a tiny flower to-day;  
I see it rise to-morrow, where it sheds a brighter ray,  
And then I know, like falling flowers, mankind from death shall rise,  
To blossom in a brighter land, to bloom beyond the skies.

### REVERIES.

There is a fount in every stream,  
There is a hope in every gleam,  
And on beyond the clouded sky  
Are buds that bloom and never die.

We drink from out the gurgling brook,  
We gather sunshine in each nook,  
And as the clouds are passing by  
We reach for flowerets in the sky.

Across our path the shadows fall,  
Upon our hopes there rests a pall,  
Till God dispels the darkened gloom  
And hides our sorrows in the tomb.

## SEASIDE MEDITATIONS.

I pause along the seaside when I hear the tumult's  
    roar,  
I linger where the wild waves are dashing 'gainst the  
    shore,  
And in the surging billow gathering forces for the  
    fray  
I learn of Him who calms the storm and brings the  
    brighter day.

I listen to the mournful cry from out yon billowy  
    wave,  
I see the faithful mariner lean forth a child to save,  
And then the waves their beating cease, and up from  
    out the foam  
A child of God is gently borne to bless an earthly  
    home.

I rest my head and ponder when the waves again  
    beat high,  
I look upon the ocean and I gaze toward the sky,  
And there I learn to reverence a Father kind and just,  
Who watches o'er the wild waves and guards man's  
    sacred dust.

## THE HERO OF OUR DAY.

*Peter Cooper.*

The hero of our day was a warrior brave and true,  
He walked the honored way and a Father bore him  
through,

Through the heat of the conflict wild,  
And at last, when old and gray,  
With the laurel wreaths they crowned him,  
Crowned him hero of the day.

He was hero of our day,  
For he walked the golden way,  
And the people of all nations  
Honored him when old and gray.

The hero of our day was an honored son of toil,  
He labored on the way till a Father's grateful call  
Bid him to the friendless go, and along their path-  
way lay

Of his treasure, and they crowned him,  
Crowned him hero of the day.

The hero of our day grandly bore the sacred trust,  
He walked the righteous way, and a Father, always  
just,

As he treads on the golden shore will forever guard  
his way,  
And with laurel wreaths will crown him,  
Crown him hero of the day.  
Sheet Music, 1881.

## THE GLORY OF OLD AGE.

### *Sunshine at Sixty.*

Sixty, aye sixty! I hear people say:  
"The glorious age when they all turn gray,  
And lay aside joys (with troubles and cares)  
To find only solace in climbing the stairs  
On the upward grade of life," they add,  
The golden stairs, else they go to the bad.

Methinks there is something in this pleasing wail,  
But if man has lived upright he need not set sail  
For a country beyond, when the port where he dwells  
Is full of bright joys, and the music of bells  
Is bearing him onward and upward each day  
In a path strewn with roses which leads not astray.

Pause not on thy journey to idly pursue  
The olden time twaddle 'bout what men should do  
When the mile stone marks "sixty" on life's fond  
career,

But think of the joys of each coming new year,  
When the lost hopes of youth shall no more bring  
regret,

And the backbiting slanderer's lies shall be met  
By the friends who've been true gathering fondly  
around,

To bid thee Godspeed till rich treasures abound,  
And to wish thee a score more of journeys as well  
Before it is said that old age breaks the spell.

Lakewood, November 23, 1892.

## COLLOQUY ON DEATH.

O what is death? Pray tell me, friend—  
Is it the starting point or end?  
Is it the beam that lights our way  
Upon the threshold of the day?  
Is it the cloudless sky that breaks  
Upon our vision, when it wakes  
Us from our sleep, and bids us go  
Where life eternal we must know?

Aye, what is it? Is it the cloud  
That hovers round and leaves a shroud  
To fold these lifeless bones away—  
A shroud of earth, the shroud of clay?

O friend draw near and tell me now:  
Is Death a shadow o'er the brow,  
Or rainbow, with its beams all bright,  
To guide us where there is no night?

---

O loving one, why ask me this?  
Hast thou not felt the Father's kiss  
Upon thy brow? and doest thou think  
A Father leaves upon the brink—

His precious flowers to bloom and fade  
Without the seed adown the glade  
To rise again, all newly born,  
Upon the resurrection morn?  
If this ye know, why ponder now,  
Or dream of shadows on the brow?

What man doth foolishly call "Death"  
Is but the passing of a breath  
    From fleeting clay.  
The bow of promise gently falls  
Upon our brow—the Master calls—  
And o'er our path the light of day  
Steps in to lift the clouds away.

Brooklyn, May, 1882.

## CHICAGO'S NEW BIRTH.

### I.

The heavens told the story on that fatal Sabbath  
    night;  
The flames went up to glory, in the air so clear and  
    bright,  
And 'mid the starry canopy, new stars went up from  
    earth,  
To mingle with the galaxy, and hasten our new birth.  
The hours though sad and dreary, were hours of  
    saddened bliss,  
When hearts so weak and weary, were strengthened  
    with a kiss;  
The kiss of love, unbroken, though shattered 'mid our  
    fears,  
The love so feebly spoken, for many, *many* years.

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How many—aye, how many—were born to life anew,  
When stripped of most of earthly goods, and left with  
    only few.

### II.

The night was long—aye, long indeed—  
    And yet how quick it passed;  
The day was bitter with its fears,  
    And yet, all bright at last.



### III.

A Father dear—a good, kind friend—  
Looked down from Heaven above,  
And told his children—one and all—  
How blessed deeds of love  
Could cheer the homeless—houseless—ones,  
And make their pathway bright;  
While words of love, *with precious gifts*,  
Could make their burden light.

### IV.

Then out from all the people's homes  
And out from all true hearts  
There came the blessed sympathy  
That shook the nation's marts;  
And told of love—that blessed love—  
Which God so freely gave  
To all the human brotherhood,  
The free—the bond—the slave.

### V.

And thus—from out the ruins here—  
There rises one sweet thought,  
That God above has given us,  
And to all nations taught:  
That here on earth, we're brothers all,  
And brothers we must be;  
While all our worldly goods are naught,  
But bubbles on the sea.  
Chicago, October, 1871.

## "IT IS DONE!"

*Last words of Horace Greeley.*

It is done! life's turmoils are ended to-day,  
It is done,—God giveth, God taketh away;  
It is done,—my journey of life hath been sped;  
It is done,—I'm going to sleep with the dead.

It is done! draw the vail o'er my frailties, to-day;  
It is done,—I've erred, and who has not—pray?  
It is done,—give credit for all that is due;  
It is done,—only treasure the good and the true.

It is done! if errors have dotted my path  
It is done,—let angels turn back all your wrath;  
It is done,—God made me like others below;  
It is done,—I'm only a poor child of woe.

It is done! for the poor and oppress'd I have striven;  
It is done,—for them all, my poor brain was given;  
It is done,—I've liv'd as God taught me were just;  
It is done,—now bear back my bones to the dust.

It is done! who'll utter his malice to-day?  
It is done,—my life thoughts may soon pass away;  
It is done,—who'll treasure the message I bore?  
It is done,—God grant it, grant peace evermore.

It is done! there's a page, yet unwritten, they say;  
It is done,—aye, 'tis done, and lies hidden away;  
It is done,—God knoweth when 'tis best to unfold;  
It is done,—when He wills it, the tale will be told.

It is done! God ruleth, God willeth aright;  
It is done,—my burdens, God beareth to-night;  
It is done,—I'm passing from darkness and gloom;  
It is done,—bear gently this clay to the tomb.

## PRAYER FOR PEACE.

"Peace hath her victories as well as war,"  
So sing the Bards that rise on every shore,  
Yet in this closing Nineteenth Century hour  
The nations learned and wise-thirsting for power  
Go madly on to crush a feeble race  
Panting for freedom—men who face to face  
Resolve for God and country—as their patriot sires,  
Who proudly stood around the old camp fires.

"Peace hath her victories as well as war,"  
So said the learned men on Holland's shore  
A few short months ago, and yet  
How soon—how very soon a nation can forget—  
When pride and vanity and worldly pelf  
Come in to steal away a nation's better self—  
That only justice, truth and right prevail,  
When God above doth lift oppression's veil.

"Peace hath her victories as well as war,"  
Mankind declare, as oft in times before;  
Yet when a struggling race doth firmly stand,  
Pleading for kin and country—pleading for native  
land,

Great statesmen (?) God forgive—yet men around  
us say

“Statesmen”—who lead a loving people in each fray,  
Forget that peace hath victories as well as war,  
And bid their followers madly reach for more.

“Peace hath her victories as well as war,”  
How long, O Lord! shall mighty ones ignore  
This admonition—and all powerful stand,  
Ready to crush each weak and feeble band?  
How long shall “Rule Britannia” be the cry  
Of brothers o’er the sea, and Yankee bullets fly?  
How long shall shadows rest on freedom’s name  
Whene’er a feeble race doth liberty proclaim?

November 20, 1899.

## GOD REIGNS—THE NATION LIVES.

God reigns ! and o'er our favored land  
We hear His voice—His stern command,  
He bids the restless waves be still ;  
He watches every rippling rill,  
And 'mid the cry of deep despair  
He garners up a Nation's prayer.  
He guides the Ship of State aright,  
He bids us pause—and from our sight  
He lifts the dark veil resting o'er,  
And lights the way along the shore.  
    God reigns ! God reigns ! the Nation lives.  
    God reigns and every blessing gives.

God reigns, and while we drop a tear  
His voice is heard, 'tis full of cheer ;  
He bears our bark along the way,  
He watches lest it go astray,  
And 'mid the storm that beats around  
His lamp of life is ever found.  
He bids us onward in the right ;  
He lights our path—by day, by night ;  
He brings us peace when all is strife,  
And brings, at last, eternal life.  
    God reigns ! God reigns ! the Nation lives.  
    God reigns and every blessing gives.

Sheet Music, 1882.

## MUSINGS IN INDEPENDENCE HALL.

### I

Within these walls in days gone by  
There stood the heroes of our land,  
Soldiers, civilians—patriots all—  
And here they gave the stern command:  
Go forth in freedom's cause and strike  
For God and country. Let the welkin ring  
Till patriots everywhere, who reverence God,  
Shall recognize no other King.

### II.

Freemen of our land arise!  
Our brothers still beneath God's skies  
Are calling—and in every land  
There rises up a little band  
To do as once thy fathers did—  
To brave the taunts and sneers, and live  
As freemen—with a God above—  
The only King whom freemen love.

### III.

Our country—God be praised!  
Our country still  
Commands the thoughts of patriots—  
And it ever will,

While faithful sons—whose father's led the way to  
Liberty—

Are pleading day by day,  
For right, for truth, for God, for Liberty!  
E'en for God's suffering ones across the sea.

#### IV.

Give thanks, for our nation surviveth to-day;  
Give thanks there are Heroes who still lead the way;  
Give thanks there are hearts still beating as true  
As the hearts that were beating when our country was  
new;

Give thanks and gird on the armor once more;  
Give thanks and for Liberty press to the fore  
Those undying truths which thy fathers once gave  
To mankind—all mankind—for all people enslaved.

November 23, 1900.



## FOUR SCORE AND TEN.

*(Peter Cooper, the Man that Found the Golden Way.)*

'Tis four score years and ten, they say,  
Since one great warrior came to stay  
A little while. Ah, yes! 'tis true,  
A little while to stay with you,  
To show mankind what man can do  
When man unto mankind is true.

He built a monument, they say,  
To guide the people on their way  
From day to day. Ah, yes! the way  
To him was plain from day to day.  
He reared this monument for you,  
To show mankind what man can do.

This warrior "left a name," they say,  
And ONE above will light his way  
Beyond the tomb. Ah, yes! and now  
The laurel wreath is on his brow,  
While angels hovering o'er him say,  
"This man hath found the golden way."

## WHY DO THEY GIVE US THINGS TO LOVE?

Why do they give us things to love  
And leave them but a day?  
Why do they give us darling ones  
That cannot with us stay?  
Why give us flowers to bud and bloom,  
And then to quickly fade,  
As soon as morning's sunlight turns  
To evening's darkened shade?

Why do they give us things to love  
When things we love must die?  
Why do they take our brightest flowers  
And plant them in the sky?  
O that there were some brighter spot  
Where loving ones might stay,  
'Till God with trumpet voice should call  
His children—*all*—away.

## OUR NELLIE.

Two years ago, Thanksgiving Eve,  
Our Nellie came, with love to weave  
The tendrils of her heart around  
The home and friends then newly found ;  
She came a bride—and to us all,  
Like snowflakes as they gently fall,  
With tears of joy and words of cheer  
To usher in the bright new year—  
Thus came our Nellie.

Two years of joy, of happiness ;  
Two years with only love's caress ;  
Two years of friendships, newly made ;  
Two years of plans all joyous laid ;  
Two years of hopes to point the way  
With visions of eternal day,  
For Nellie.

And then to bind the earthly tie,  
A little one—as from the sky—  
A bud to blossom by the way,  
Blooms forth its part in life to play,  
For Nellie.

But lo! Death's shadow lurks around,  
(Another gem on earth is found)  
It rests upon our Nellie's brow—  
To God's decree we all must bow,  
And part with Nellie.

Perhaps, to mansions far away,  
Our Nellie's love may point the way  
And bid us welcome, when from care  
We part with earth to enter there,  
To meet dear Nellie.

## THE GLORY OF LABOR.

With the harness on, from day to day  
The old man goes, and still the way  
Seems bright and cheerful, and at its best,  
But a journey toward a haven of rest—  
Which soon or late is reached by all  
Earth's weary pilgrims—great and small.

With the harness on and a joyous heart,  
In life's great battle to do his part;  
To lighten the burdens that others dear  
May happily tread life's pathway here,  
While onward and upward, toward the skies,  
The old man goes to win the prize.

With the harness on, both early and late,  
No task too heavy, no burden too great;  
The old man plodding along the way—  
Sometimes weary, and sometimes gay—  
In a life for others—with prayers and tears—  
Sometimes with hopes, oftentimes with fears.

With the harness on, to country and friends  
He gives his life, and gently bends  
To a Father's will, and ne'er complains,  
E'en though he suffers with aches and pains—  
Trusting a Father who rules on high  
To guide aright for the by-and-by.

### THAT "MONKEY-WRENCH."

When a wise man starts with a cumbrous load,  
To travel a rough or stony road,  
He turns his steps to the workshop bench,  
And lays his hands on the "monkey-wrench;"  
For well he knows when on his way,  
The "monkey-wrench" may come in play.

When we gather our traps for the wagon-train,  
To found a home on the Western plain,  
Or bid good-by to our friends to-day,  
To pass along o'er the mountain way,  
We gather our bedding, and stove and bench,  
And then look 'round for the "monkey-wrench."

Wherever we go—whether east or west—  
If a screw gets loose, we try the test,  
And bring our "monkey-wrench" in play,  
Till the bands are tight—then on our way  
We heedless pass, without a sigh,  
For we know that our "monkey-wrench" is nigh.

And so in the Church of God to-day:  
When a screw gets loose, while on our way,

We "out with the wrench," and quickly give  
"Another turn," that the Church may live;  
And the screw is set all firm once more,  
Till the burden is borne to the other shore.

In 1879 Henry Ward Beecher characterized as a "monkey wrench" resolutions declaring that to be a Congregational preacher one must adhere to evangelical doctrine, and said of the advocates of the resolution that they were "fools" and "turned on the screw to bring the church back to their own standard of regularity."

## SALUTATION—NEW YORK TO ATLANTA.

*New York to Atlanta.*

Fair Atlanta—we salute thee  
As we enter thy domain;  
Here, we bring our northern manhood  
And with handclasp greet again.  
We remember thou wert faithful  
In the olden time and new,  
And that thou didst stand unswerving,  
For thy country, ever true  
As a father, in his wisdom,  
Then permitted thee and thine  
To interpret right and duty,  
In this beauteous southern clime.

Here, to-day, with memories pressing,  
Lingering thoughts of days gone by,  
Heart strings broken, loves caressing,  
Lips unparted, souls on high,  
Here we pause, and at the threshold—  
Filled with wonder and with pride—  
Here we raise our loud hosannas  
To this fairest southern bride.

Here, as children of one father,  
Here where chivalry holds sway,  
Comes to all the bless'd assurance  
Brotherhood still guards the way.  
Now, we stand as sons and brothers,  
Ready at our country's call,  
One bright flag, and one flag only,  
Heroes ever—heroes all.

November, 1895.



## THE ADMIRAL'S LESSON.

The admiral is here, my boys  
He's with us once again—  
A hero of the heroes, boys,  
In our little brush with Spain.  
He comes to gladden all our hearts  
And prove to us once more  
That heroes ever must arise  
Whene'er there comes a war.

It matters not, as all must see  
In this fair land of ours;  
Be it a war among ourselves  
Or with the foreign Powers—  
Heroes arise and in a day  
Are crowned, and world-wide fame  
Awaits them as they journey on,  
With halo round their name.

And not alone in war, my boys,  
But everywhere in life  
The hero to the front must come  
In every worldly strife.  
Then here's to the Hero of our Day,  
And the hero wherever he be  
Who earns a prize in the battle of life  
On land or on the sea.

New York, September 28, 1899.

## THE SLUMBERING FIREMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

### *Sectarian Grave Yards.*

When I stood where the flames were leaping high,  
And heard a stranger's mournful cry,  
Did I stop to ask what garb he wore,  
Or whether he came from a foreign shore?  
Did I fold my arms and proudly say:  
"Lie still, thou fool, thou'rt gone astray!"  
Or did I list to his dying prayer,  
And out of the flames his body bear?

When I stood where the sheet of flame rose wild  
And heard the scream of a dying child,  
Did I stop to ask what record bore  
Its saintly name in its precious store—  
Or wait to learn what priestly hand  
Had written its name on the fading sand?  
Did I stop for this, or did I grasp  
Its lifeless form from the fiery blast?

When I laid my mother, and wife and child  
In the silent grave on the hillock wild;  
When I marked the spot for my bones to lie  
By the side of mine own, beneath God's sky,  
Did I stop to ask whether man would say:  
"Thy creed is false, thou canst not lay  
Beneath this sod, among thy dead,  
Go thou and seek the worldling's bed!"

Mother, and wife, and sister dear,  
All are resting—buried here!  
Yet in this ground I cannot lay  
Because I worshipped a different way.  
Is this the path our Saviour trod?  
Are thirsting souls thus turned from God?  
Oh, cruel sexton, heed my prayer,  
And lay me near my loved ones—there.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Another falls along the way.  
The great and good, they cannot stay  
To cheer our path, to guide aright  
And make our world seem ever bright.  
They come and go, but few there be  
With mind and heart and soul like thee.

The Master calls, His will be done,  
He bears thee as a loving son  
To brighter skies—where all are free—  
To join with that bright galaxy  
Of stars, and 'mid the hosts above  
To crown thee with his precious love.

## THE DRUNKARD'S SOLILOQUY.

My mother waits for me to-night,  
She watches while a ray of light  
    Glides gently through the cabin door  
    Or throws its ray across the floor.  
She watches there for me—for me,  
She watches there for me.

My mother with her feeble sight,  
Sits watching long by candle light.  
She lingers while the flickering flame  
Goes down into its metal frame;  
    She watches and she waits for me,  
    She weary waits for me.

My mother waits for me all night,  
She watches till the morning light  
    Breaks in upon the window pane,  
    And still she watches—all in vain.  
She watches long and wearily,  
And patient waits for me.

My mother waits—she waits for me—  
She waits in vain, I am not free,  
For in the prison cell I lay  
To breathe the whiskey fumes away.  
    She waits in vain for me, for me,  
    She waits in vain for me.

My mother watches day by day  
While I go staggering on my way  
She pleads with me, but all in vain  
While I am causing needless pain  
She watches day by day for me,  
She watches still for me.

My mother's hair is turning gray  
And yet she watches o'er my way,  
She bids me stay and yet I go  
Although it adds another blow.  
A little while she'll wait for me,  
A little while for me.

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

The closing hour is drawing near;  
We pause—and drop a silent tear—  
While o'er the withered, blighted page  
There rests the pall of hoary age,  
And 'neath the sky, where worldlings dwell,  
Our blighted hopes their story tell.

The hour is near! We backward gaze  
And view the wreck amid its haze.

The hour is near! We gladly hail  
The coming of a whitened sail.

Unto the morrow now we give  
Our last fond hopes, and bid them live  
Till in the morrow's brighter ray  
The long-sought treasures fondly lay,  
To cheer our path and hide the gloom  
Now resting o'er the old year's tomb.

## THE NEW YEAR SABBATH MORN.

When sunlight on this New Year morn  
Unto our favored land is born,  
When bells above the house of prayer  
Remind us of a Father's care.  
When all the old year's hours are sped  
And hopes lie buried with the dead,  
O, then, forget not—on this day,  
The blessings showered along thy way.

When on thy pathway to the tomb  
In youth's bright morning or life's noon.  
When old age sheds its lustre down  
And silvered hairs thy head doth crown.  
When, 'mid the gay and festive throng  
Though old or young—though weak or strong—  
Just pause a while on life's highway,  
And ask for blessings while you stay.

1881-82.



## WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

What are we here for? Tell us, pray,  
Is it to eat and drink, and say  
Our prayers at night, and in the morn  
Prowl round till every lamb is shorn?  
And, later on, with saintly face,  
At dinner meekly offer grace  
Unto a Father in the skies,  
While victims o'er our pathway rise.

What are we here for? Tell us, friend,  
Is this vain world the all—the end?  
Is it to play a part in life  
Heedless, as onward in the strife  
We plunge—with care alone for self—  
And reckless grasp for worldly pelf!  
Is this our mission here on earth?  
Was it for this God gave us birth?

What are we here for? Dost thou think  
'Tis wise to stand upon the brink,  
With evil deeds and selfish aims—  
Plying the little worldly games  
Upon the sorrowing ones—when, after all,  
There comes a reckoning day for great and small,  
And punishment must follow—soon or late,  
If not this side, then on beyond the gate?

What are we here for? Let us thoughtful ask:  
What is our mission, what our earthly task?  
How bright the journey if we only give  
A passing thought for sorrowing ones who live  
In shadows by our side, and then with action prove  
That, after all, there is a better groove  
In which to slide along o'er life's great main,  
Without imposing burdens, or inflicting pain.

## GRAINS OF GOLD.

I would not die in Spring-time,  
When leaflets bright and new  
Are rising from their wintry bed  
To kiss the early dew.

I would not die in Summer,  
When the hill-side and the plain  
Are overspread with fruits and flowers,  
And garlanded with grain.

I would not die in Autumn,  
When so many fall asleep,  
And o'er their bed kind nature  
Bids her loving children weep.

I would not die in Winter,  
When snow-flakes lightly lay  
Above man's tomb to hide its gloom,  
And bear the chill away.

"When would I die?" you vainly ask,  
For death is life to me,  
And on beyond the ebbing tide,  
Life's glory I can see.

"Why do I say that death is life?"  
You ask—and patient wait;  
There is no death for those who seek  
To find God's golden gate.

## THE FOLLIES OF OUR DAY.

### I.

Stranger ! as thou art journeying on life's joyous way,  
Reflect, and ask thyself—aye, ask to-day—  
What can be gained by worldly pomp or show,  
When to the other world the soul shall go.  
The good deeds done must speak for thee at last,  
And up from out the dim and dreary past  
The gems will sparkle, as in days gone by,  
When thou art mingling with the hosts on high.

### II.

The time is coming, 'tis not far away,  
When you and I our loved ones' forms shall lay  
Beneath the sod, without a hymn or prayer  
In public; aye! without a parson there  
To tell of good deeds done, or virtues still unknown  
Except, perhaps, to those beside the Throne;  
Of virtues seldom found among our human kind  
And only fathomed by inventive mind.

### III.

Why should we call a parson from his task?  
Why should we stand beside a corpse and ask  
Our friends from far and near to gather round  
The flesh and bones that go beneath the ground?

The good is gone; naught but the bad remains—  
Why linger round the body with its stains,  
When only fond remembrances should bear  
Our thoughts in silence, and our hopes in prayer?

IV.

See to it, then, that ere the closing hour,  
When death shall come to wrest thy worldly power,  
Thou dost provide, that loving ones who stay  
May be relieved from pomp and vain display,  
Without the finger of a scornful host  
Pointing at last, and holding forth a ghost,  
As though the living soul that passed away  
Would still prefer the follies of our day.

Brooklyn, December, 1885.

## WILL YOU BE THERE?

When I have closed the worldly ledger here,  
And stand with watchful eyes, and hopes to cheer;  
When I have done my work, and from on high  
The Master's final call seems drawing nigh,  
    Will you be near me, friend?  
    Will you be near?

When I am resting by the river side,  
And gazing out upon the restive tide;  
When I am longing for a helping hand  
To aid me to the bright and better land,  
    Will you be there to help me, friend?  
    Will you be there?

When I have bid good-by to all at last,  
And o'er the earthly journey I have passed;  
When I have landed on the other shore,  
From whence the spirit comes and goes no more,  
    Will you be there, my friend?  
    Will you be there?

## THE QUESTION AND THE ANSWER.

*"Be ye also ready."*

How would I die? you ask, kind friend,  
How would I bid farewell and end  
The struggle here, and pass away  
While loving ones awhile shall stay?—

How would I die? aye! that to me  
Matters but little, yet if He  
Who rules the destiny of all  
Shall bid me answer to His call

In my own way, then cheerfully  
I'll ask that when this soul's set free  
It be while passing o'er life's plain—  
Without a warning or a pain.

I'll ask that when toward Heaven I go,  
It be when I alone shall know,  
That sadness may not linger round  
A dying couch, but at a bound  
This soul may pass beyond the gate  
Where loving ones its coming wait.

See to it, friend, that on life's way  
Thou too art ready and can say:  
"Dear Master," when Thou callest me,  
"This soul hath never doubted Thee."

## WHEN MAN DIETH.

When man dieth where doth he go?

“Aye, there’s the rub.”

When breath takes wings and flies away

What is there left, on earth to stay?

Naught else seems lost,

Nor tempest toss’d,

Save that which human kind

Oft designates the human mind.

Is that born with the breath?

Doth it come

As vapor from the stage

Where chattering beasts

Hold revelry and mortal feasts?

Are we but pilgrims in this land of showers

Sometimes exultant in the higher bowers,

Then down beneath the level of the beast

Holding high revelry and grasping for the feast—

The feast which some call *pleasure*?

Yet, alas!

This, too, becomes monotonous;

We let it pass

And turn to other things,

While on our way

We reach for honors lasting but a day.

When man dieth where doth he go?

“Aye, there’s the rub.”



## THE WORLDLING'S MUSINGS.

### I.

Can we worship our God 'mong the trees and the  
flowers?

Can we worship Him here 'neath the broad oak  
bowers?

When the blades of grass are turning green,  
And the flowers of His hand are crowding between.

### II.

Can we worship our God when the sun draws nigh,  
And brings out the leaves 'tween the earth and the  
sky?

Can we worship our God when the brightest of hues,  
Kiss the buds of His flowers 'mid the heavenly dews?

### III.

Can we worship our God as we linger around  
The earliest blossoms in spring time found?  
Can we worship our God when the birds of spring,  
Their early carol so sweetly sing?

### IV.

Ah—Yes! We can worship our God 'mong the flow-  
ers;

We can worship Him here 'neath the broad oak bow-  
ers;

We can worship Him morning, noon, and night,  
For His bountiful blessings are ever in sight.

V.

We can worship our God by the sunlight blaze;  
We can worship our God by the moonlight haze;  
We can worship Him ever, *wherever* we go,  
If the truth as it is, we *act* as we know.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

Farewell, old year! thy smiles and tears  
Have turned our thoughts to brighter years;  
Years of the long—forgotten—past,  
When hopes came crowding thick and fast;  
And when, amid our joys and pleasures,  
    We could only dream  
Of sailing gently, joyously, adown life's stream.

Alas! how quickly all our dreams of bliss  
Were lost in the dim vista, like a maiden's kiss;  
And we, so fondly dreaming in the days of yore,  
Must dream-*dream-on-AYE!* DREAM FOREVERMORE.

Farewell, old year, again we bid adieu,  
The hopes we cherished must be born anew;  
For life is better when earth's work is done,  
And we can rest beside God's setting sun.

### A POOR MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

I've been a thinkin' to-day, John—  
A thinkin' from mornin' 'till noon,  
'Bout the fellow wot said that water and bread  
Was the poor man's only boon.  
And I'm wonderin' now if that Parson—John—  
Was sent by the good Lord on high  
To tell the poor that they must live  
On bread and water,—or die.

And I've been a-lookin' my Bible through  
And I've pondered its pages o'er,  
To see if a Parson's like that—John,  
Can sneak in on t'other shore.  
And in that book I find it writ  
That a hundred dollars a day  
Ne'er helps a man in climbing up  
God's steep and rugged way.

So I guess 'tis best to trust in God  
And let man's earthly creeds  
Fall back—while the Bible,—precious book,  
Points out our inmost needs,  
And I'll take my little ones and sing  
"I need Thee every hour,"  
And then, perhaps, in my humble hut  
Rich blessings God will shower.

## THE DAWN OF DAY.

### *In a Drunkard's Home.*

There are hours when the wife and the mother—heart  
broken,

Bear their burdens in silence, and weep o'er their  
slain,

In the closet—where only a kind Father sees them,

And only a merciful God soothes their pain.

There are hours when all gladness is buried in sorrow ;

There are hours when e'en children are bowed down  
with care ;

But a brighter day dawns when the angel of mercy

Brings back a fond father, life's blessings to share.

There are hours when the faintest of hearts are made  
glad,

The hours when the deepest and darkest of sorrow  
Fades away like the dew, and is never more seen,

In the brighter, the clearer, the fairer to-morrow.

And, oh ! what a day for the living and loving,

When earth's darkest shadows are scattered and  
torn,

And the dreams of a future, unclouded by sorrow,

Break in on our vision to brighten the morn.

## A DYING HUSBAND'S SOLILOQUY.

Watching and waiting! ay, waiting to-day  
For God and His angels to turn back this clay;  
Watching and waiting 'mid earth's darkened gloom  
Till a Father surrenders these bones to the tomb.

Watching and waiting for God's blessed call;  
Watching and waiting—where earth seems so small—  
When burdens are pressing and sorrows abound,  
And angels are telling where peace can be found.

Watching and waiting, ay, longing to go  
Where God's loving children no sorrow can know;  
Watching for flowerets now blooming on high,  
Waiting for greetings away in yon sky.

Watching and waiting—'twere better to go,  
Than to stay upon earthland 'mid sorrow and woe;  
Remember I loved thee, and over my tomb  
Write words of affection, and hide all its gloom.

Watching and waiting, ay, waiting I'll be,  
Till earth with its burdens bears heavy on thee;  
And then, when the portals are opened on high,  
We'll all be together with God in the sky.

## HAIL NEW YEAR MORN!

Hail New Year Morn!

We greet thee now, once more,  
And bid the old year go  
Where all have gone before.  
We ope' the shutters wide,  
To let thy cheerful ray  
Drive all the bitter thoughts  
Of other years away.

Hail New Year Morn!

We greet thee, 'mid our sighs  
For what has pass'd and gone;  
And pray that brighter skies  
May bring—to ruined homes  
And saddened hearts to-day—  
The brightest smiles of earth,  
To cheer the wanderer's way.

Hail New Year Morn!

We greet thee, 'mid our cares,  
And raise to God on high  
Our New Year Morning prayers;  
We greet thee, while we plead  
For sorrowing ones to-day;  
O, Father! bring to them  
Thy richest gifts, we pray.

Hail New Year Morn!  
Upon thy page lies written  
The last fond hopes of those  
With sore afflictions smitten.  
Bring tears of joy to-day;  
Bring flowerets in thy hand;  
And let thy blessings fall  
On all throughout the land.

#### THE FALLING LEAVES.

One by one the leaves are turning,  
From bright green to golden brown;  
Teaching life's most solemn lesson,  
Ever found, in Autumn's frown.

One by one the leaves are falling,  
And upon our path decay;  
Let us heed the gentle warning,  
While we journey on our way.

One by one the leaves are mingling,  
With the dust beneath our feet;  
Let us turn from idle dreaming,  
And prepare, our God to meet.

## OUR WASHINGTON.

Hail uncrowned king! thy memory doth fill  
Our hearts with gladness, and 'twill linger still  
As ages come and go—with true and brave  
To wave aloft the banner thou did'st save.

Hail uncrowned king! to you a debt we owe,  
Thy warning voice, to mankind here below  
Is ever present, and it guides aright  
While unto all it proves a beacon light.

Hail uncrowned king! from realms above, thy name  
Is wafted back, as warning, when the flame  
Breaks out anew and threatens to assail  
Fair freedom's land, or rend its coat of mail.

Hail uncrowned king! to you once more we pay  
The homage due—and on this sacred day  
We pledge anew our lives, our fortunes all  
That liberty may rise and all oppressors fall.  
February 22, 1889.



### LIFE'S LESSON.

Drop the curtain, let it rest  
Till there comes the final test;  
Let it ever hide from view  
All who will not—firm and true—  
For their country freely lay  
All the petty strifes away,  
And around the altar fires  
Bravely stand, like patriot sires.

Drop the curtain—it is done!  
All the actors, one by one,  
Now are passing from life's stage  
And in this as every age,  
They who bore the manly part,  
Fondly treasured in each heart,  
While the triflers in the play—  
Are forgotten in a day.

Drop the curtain, let us learn  
As we pause at every turn,  
That in life—no matter where—  
Each must strive a part to bear,  
Ever manly, ever just,  
If a nation, with its trust,  
Sacred hold the final dust.

## THE GOLDEN HARVEST.

When on this busy sphere  
My work is done,  
When God, the Father, calls me—  
Through His Son,  
And bears my spirit up  
Toward the sky,  
I'll bid farewell to earth  
Without a sigh.

When round my dying couch  
Kind friends draw near,  
When loving ones, in sadness,  
Drop a tear  
I'll bid them think of life  
Beyond the tomb  
And leave my lifeless clay  
Where all is gloom.

When on beyond the river  
I am clad anew,  
When round my spirit form  
Old friends are true,  
Then let me peaceful rest  
Till other friends draw nigh  
To reap, with me, the harvest  
On beyond the sky.

## LAY THE OLD FLAG IN MY COFFIN.

When I have grown weary of watching,  
When these careworn eyes cannot see,  
O, then, bring in Liberty's emblem  
And let its bright rays fall on me;  
And when all the angels draw near me  
To bear this proud spirit away,  
O, then, let its bright beams surround me  
And follow these bones to the clay.

When this feeble pulse has ceased beating,  
When death's circling arms round me lay,  
O, then, bring the flag of my country  
And bear this frail body away;  
For then—when I know that proud emblem  
Will still guard these bones in the grave,  
O, then, I will join my dear comrades—  
Those comrades so honored and brave.

### MY MESSAGE.

When I am dead, and nothing here remains  
But flesh and bones, without its aches or pains,  
When all that's mortal floats along the tide,  
And rests, at last, beyond the river wide,  
When nothing here is left but lifeless clay,  
Then bear this body and these bones away.  
Away! I care not whence, I care not how—  
Pause not, kind friend, with reverential bow.

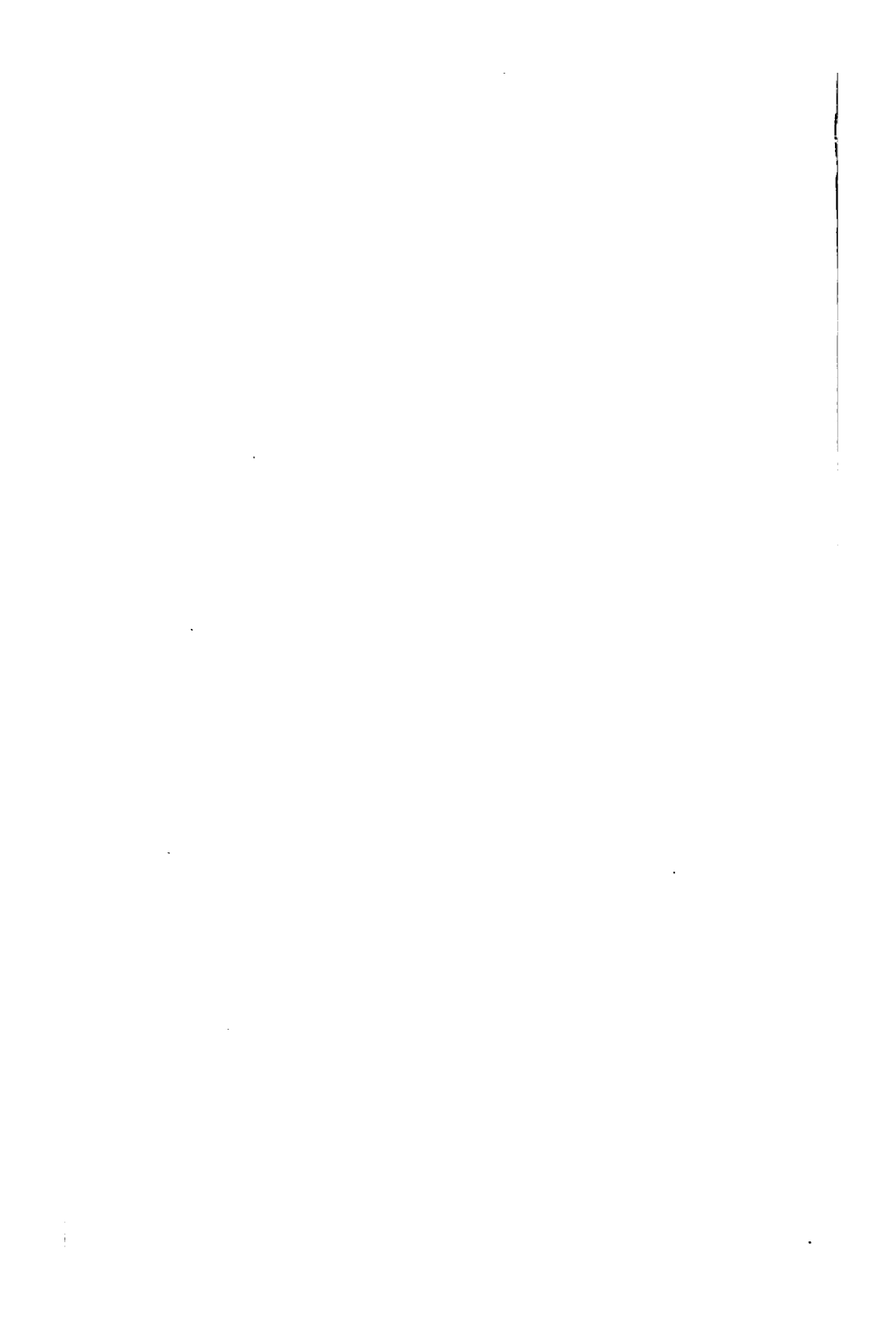
The good departs! I know not what it be  
Nor whence it goeth! this alone to me  
Is warning; and I bide my fate,  
Ever content to trust my God and wait  
For that quick summons—it doth come to all,  
Surely it must be, is the Master's call.

Why should ye pause beside the coffin lid,  
With tears, when that thou lovest to thine eyes is hid.  
It covers not the pearl of price, which gave  
It kindness upon life's fleeting wave.

Let but a rough pine box surround these bones;  
Fill in above it of the earth and stones;  
No funeral cortege of the latest style;  
No costly flowers inside the hearse to pile.  
But in the simplest, inexpensive way—  
With naught attractive for the grave or gay;  
Thus bear these bones unto their resting place.

And then, if need be, there to mark the spot,  
Thou shouldst desire something that will not rot,  
Erect a marble slab and on its brow  
Write these plain words: "He rests from labor now.  
In life's great struggle, from his humble place,  
He fought the battle and he won the race."

**CHILDHOOD**  
**MEMENTOES**



## CHRISTMAS AT GRANDPA'S.

When Christmas morning wakes from sleep,  
We bid our Heavenly Father keep  
Our loved ones all—in His kindly care—  
Till we gather again at evening prayer;  
Then “merrily, merrily, merrily ho!”  
We sing till our cheeks are all aglow,  
And round our grandpa's easy chair,  
In hand and heart our love we bear.

“Merrily, merrily, merrily ho!”  
The hours glide by as round we go,  
In the house where grandpa sits at ease  
And tries his loving ones to please—  
Though his locks of gray, and his wrinkled brow,  
All tell of the years that are passing now.

The clock strikes nine, and now we lay  
Our fairest wreaths o'er the locks of gray,  
While fond caresses plainly tell  
Our grandpa that we love him well ;  
And the gifts we leave and bear away  
Are tokens of grandpa's holiday.



## DID SANTA COME TO YOUR HOUSE?

Did Santa come to your house, Will?

He didn't drop in here;

I don't know why he stayed away

From me and brother dear;

He surely knew I'd tried to be

A better boy since May,

And that I never yet forgot

My evening prayer to say.

He came along the Avenue,

I'm sure he did, dear Will;

For Johnny Smith has lots of things,

And so has Susan Dill;

Our chimney is a big one, too,

And he could climb, I know,

Way up upon our house top, Will,

Although the wind did blow.

I got up bright and early, Will,

And so did Charlie, too;

We thought we'd have such pretty things,

And some to send to you.

But Santa didn't come, dear Will,

He passed us by to-day.

And went right to the rich man's house

That's just across the way.

I think it wasn't right, dear Will—  
For Santa thus to do,  
When rich men have such lots of things  
And we've so very few;  
But papa says that "God knows what  
Is best for children here;"  
Yet papa, when he says it, Will,  
Let's fall a naughty tear.

It seems so strange—it does, dear Will—  
I never knew before,  
That Christmas could come to us all  
With such a scanty store;  
I thought the cupboard would be full  
And shelves just loaded down  
With cakes, and pies, and goodies, Will,  
And doughnuts crisp and brown.

But papa says, "'Tis for the best  
That we must bear it all,"  
And yet I see, down from his cheeks,  
The great big tear drops fall;  
He says, "the times are hard"—dear Will—  
"And harder yet may be;"  
But still, old Santa, might have come  
To brother Charles and me.

And now I'll eat my crust of bread,  
And then to bed I'll go;  
And pray that Santa yet may come  
To those who need him so;  
I'll tell him papa's coal's most out,  
That we've no pies or cake,  
And then, perhaps, I'll find it all  
To-morrow when I wake.

### A CHILD AT THE BEACH.\*

The other day when papa and I  
Came down to the Beach—where God's bright sky,  
With its wavy blue lies down to rest  
On the darker blue of the ocean's breast—  
I looked far out on the foaming sea,  
Where the vessels were gliding along so free,  
And I wondered whether our God was there  
To hear my brother's dying prayer.

He's there, I know, for it seems to me  
The sky is only a part of the sea ;  
And when my brother went out on the deep,  
I think he went with God to sleep,  
For he never came back to papa and me,  
And mamma says, "he died at sea."  
And now I know why the water and sky  
Together meet where our loved ones die.

I saw the sun, one morning, rise,  
When it seemed to come from out of the skies,  
And up from the deep I saw it creep—  
Like a little child just out of its sleep—  
And it stretched its arms o'er the heaving wave  
As though it was trying my brother to save.  
And now I know God's angels keep  
A careful watch o'er all the deep.

Last night I saw the moon when it rose,  
How pretty it looked, there's nobody knows,  
Unless he has been where I now be,  
And watched it coming right out of the sea ;  
For it seems to say there's one place nigh  
Where the waters meet with God's bright sky ;  
And so I know, that out of the deep,  
God takes his own to the skies to sleep.

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\*The musings of a little one whose brother died at sea.

### AN OCEAN LULLABY.

The cradle is rocking, lie still, my dear,  
The cradle is rocking, a Father is near  
With blessings to cheer us, with strong arms to save,  
E'en though it keeps rocking upon the great wave.

The cradle is rocking, keep quiet, my love;  
The cradle is rocking, a Father above  
Will soon bring us rest in the land of the free,  
Where loved ones are waiting for you and for me.

The cradle is rocking, all's well, my love,  
The cradle is rocking, trust the Father above;  
Lie still my darling, all's well, all's well,  
A Father is rocking—all's well.

Steamer Paris, August 9, 1894.

## LAY THE DARLING DOWN TO REST.

Are you now a mother? Has the God on high  
Given thee a darling—thus to bind the tie  
Lightly resting o'er thee—clasping thee and thine  
Like the little tendrils of a sturdy vine;  
See that thou doth cherish and forever care  
For that precious darling resting sweetly there.  
Innocent and loving, folded on thy breast  
Lay the little darling gently down to rest.

Are you now a mother? Has the gentle wave  
Borne to thee a darling—soon a hero brave,  
One to guard thee ever, when thou'rt old and gray,  
One to help thee over all life's rugged way;  
See that thou art faithful to thy precious trust,  
For that little darling coming from the dust  
Soon will bear thy burden, and to thee and thine  
Bring the richest clusters like a thrifty vine.

Lay the little darling in its little bed,  
Let the little pillow rest beneath its head,  
One above is watching till the light shall peep  
In between the curtains—let the darling sleep,  
'Tis a little pilgrim come to light thy way,  
Precious little darling, God will let it stay  
And around thy pathway onward toward the tomb,  
He will bid it gently turn aside the gloom.

'Twas ONLY A CHILD.

'Twas only a child! and yet to me  
Its childish prattle, light and free,  
Is ever present at my side  
To cheer me on the swelling tide.

'Twas only a child! and yet I hear  
Its tender voice still drawing near,  
To guide my fainting soul aright,  
And cheer my path with blessed light.

'Twas only a child! and yet I know  
In childlike faith I, too, must go  
Unto a father's loving care  
When trials of earth are hard to bear.

'Twas only a child! and yet it stands  
To join, above, the parted strands.  
It waits—aye, waits! till God shall lay  
Each strand along its golden way.

'Twas only a child! and yet I know  
It lights the path where I must go.  
In faith, in love, in childlike grace,  
I, too, must seek my Father's face.

## THE LITTLE BED IN THE CORNER.

Do you see the little bed in yonder corner?

'Tis the place where little brother goes to rest,  
When our dearest, loving Father, up in Heaven,  
Draws his curtain round the sunlight in the west.  
There with little folded hands our little brother  
Kneels beside his pretty little bed to pray,  
And he asks his loving Father up in Heaven  
To forgive him for his naughty words that day.

And while both his tiny little hands are folded

He remembers mamma and his papa here,  
And he asks his good kind Father up in Heaven  
To take care of darling little sister dear.

Then he gently lays his weary little body

Under little home-made quilts, so clean and white,  
And with little curly head upon the pillow

Lisps his sweetest little closing prayer, "good  
night."

Don't you wish you had a darling little brother?

Thus, his little loving, good night, prayer to say,  
And with little lips so pure and soft to greet you

Or to kiss the very naughty thoughts away.

Yes I know you wish a dear, kind God would send you

Such a darling little friend to guard your way

When the other very naughty little children

Try to turn your little busy feet astray.

## THE LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL.

*A Life Scene in New York.*

I've been to the pantry, dear papa,  
I've opened the cupboard door,  
I've looked in the trays and the basket,  
But there's nothing for us any more;  
The bread is all gone, and the crackers,  
I've looked for them, papa, in vain;  
They're gone, all gone, dearest papa,  
I must go out and beg in the rain.

Don't tell me to "stay"—dearest papa—  
Don't tell me "to-morrow will do,"  
I must go and get something for breakfast;  
I must go and get something for you.  
Perhaps I may meet some kind stranger,  
With a dear little girl just like me;  
And perhaps, when I tell him my story,  
He will come, my sick papa to see.

I'm going, good-by—dearest papa—  
Good-by, I'll bring something I know,  
For there's many a kind-hearted stranger  
'Mong the worldlings we meet as we go;



And thus, with a heart light and cheerful,  
The dear little child—in the rain—  
Goes out to beg 'mong the strangers;  
Oh, Father! let her not plead in vain.

Out, out in the bleak wintry blast;  
Out, out in the pitiless storm  
Goes the dear little child of misfortune,  
With her clothing all tattered and torn.  
At first she approaches a being,  
Whom God hath permitted to reign  
As a great money king 'mong the earthlings,  
To cause only sorrow and pain.

Please, mister, won't you give me a penny?  
My father is sick—sick in bed—  
And we've nothing for breakfast to-morrow;  
My mother—dear mother—is dead.  
“Get out, get out you street beggar,  
Or I'll call that old 'cop' over there,  
And he'll give you a lodge in the station,”  
Cries the man, with an insolent air.

Don't turn me aside, Mr. Stranger,  
I know I'm a beggar, 'mong men,  
But I once had a home, and a mother,  
And father was not starving then.  
Don't threaten to call a policeman,  
To drag me to yon prison cell;  
For, I asked, I asked but a penny,  
From one who could spare it so well.

On, on goes the poor little wanderer,  
    'Till another comes plodding that way;  
When she lisps to the stranger her story,  
    He pauses to hear what she'll say.  
He too had a mother to caress him,  
    But a Father, in kindness and love,  
Bore back her good spirit from earthland,  
    To the home of his children above,

He glanced at the eyes on the upturned face,  
    And saw in the features, so fair,  
The impress of truth, as it plainly revealed  
    Her story of sorrow and care;  
Then he gave to the child what money he had,  
    It was only a dime, 'tis true—  
But it cheered the heart of the little one  
    And filled it with thankfulness too.

Then the sorrowing child on its mission sped,  
    And soon, to another she bore  
The pitiful tale of sorrow and woe,  
    And she plead, not vainly, for more;  
'Twas an uncouth stranger to whom she spoke  
    But a true heart he bore in his breast,  
And he stopped to weep while she told her tale  
    And he thought of his dear one at rest.

"My little child," he said 'mid his sighs;  
    "Take me down to your dark home to-night,  
And perhaps, 'ere the sun on the morrow awakes,  
    I may learn how to make that home bright."

And he followed her down through the narrow  
lane,  
And up through the winding stairs,  
Till he came to the spot where her father lay;  
Far up from the world's busy cares,

And there, on a pallet of straw, he beheld,  
The father of that dear child;  
With an open Bible upon his breast,  
And a countenance cheerful and mild.  
He murmured not, but gently said:  
"Dear child, I've prayed for you,  
And God has brought you back to-night,  
And sent us a kind stranger, too."

"Ah yes, my dear papa, this kind one has come,  
To see where you pillow your head,  
And I think, 'twas God sent him, for he listened  
to me,  
When I told him we wanted some bread;  
He said "he once had a sweet cherub like me,  
But that God called her home to the skies,"  
And now, though a poor working man as you see,  
He comes to wipe tears from your eyes.

And the stranger gazed on that pallid face,  
While death bore its impress there;  
And with uplifted hand he gave his vow,  
And promised "forever to care,"

For the dear one whose father was passing away,  
The dear one, who out in the storm,  
Was begging for bread that her father might live,  
While her clothing was tattered and torn.

Then the father turned on his pallet of straw,  
And with thankful heart, he said:  
"Oh, stranger, take my darling child  
For I shall soon be dead.  
Hark, hark! I hear the bugle call;  
Hark, hark! God's voice is near;  
I'm going home, farewell, dear child,  
Farewell, my God is here."

## TREADING UPON GOD'S FLOWERS.\*

### I.

In this, the dawn of an era grand,  
How strange, and yet how true,  
That Christian men oft-times forget  
That oaks from acorns grew.

And loaded down with cumbrous creeds,  
They think it just, to-day,  
To tread upon God's budding flowers,  
And acorns cast away.

The little buds, our God's bright gems,  
The buds so soon to bloom,  
By man are crushed, that other creeds  
On earth may find no room.

Are crushed by tearing little ones  
Away from playmates dear,  
And building up a spectre dark,  
To prey on childish fear.

### II.

In the city of churches—alas! can it be  
In a city so honored to-day—  
That thousands of dear little worshipping saints  
From heaven are thus turned away?

Oh, would that another this burden might bear—  
This burden, this burden of shame—  
Where sects and creeds so narrow can hide  
All honor, and justice, and fame.

### III.

Come children, come now 'round our family  
board;

Come, come with our little ones play;  
Come sit at our fireside, by day or by night  
And pluck our bright roses of May.

Your banner it tells of a Father's love,  
And our banner it tells the same;  
But then your church has another creed,  
While our's bears another name.

'Tis true you go where your fathers pray,  
That you sit by your mother's side,  
That the Bible you read is just the same  
As the Bible we open so wide.

But when we come down to our little review  
On the coming bright morning of May,  
We must march, yes, march, with our orthodox  
priests,  
While you at your homes must stay.

### IV.

We're little kings and little queens  
Of the grand May day review;  
And there's only room for little ones here  
Whose fathers are orthodox too.

So stand over yonder, and don't come near  
When we march thro' the streets in May,  
For we, yes we, are the kings and queens,  
The kings and queens of to-day.

V.

There's a voice, a voice, a still small voice,  
It comes as a tolling bell,  
It tells of the blessings we soon shall know,  
Thro' the sound of this May-day knell.  
It tells of a God who is guiding aright,  
With this welcome for all—ever free!  
Come soldiers, come pilgrims, come all weary  
ones,  
Bring your burdens, your sorrow to me.  
The time will come, 'twill come at last,  
And Christian men shall know  
That creeds, narrow creeds, are but safety-valves,  
Through which the foul gases may flow.  
And the grand review—the grand review,  
The grand review above,  
Will be for all soldiers whose lives are true,  
And their dear little tokens of love.

Brooklyn, May 6, 1877.

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\* Lines written on hearing that the orthodox preachers and lay men of Brooklyn had voted down a resolution to invite Unitarian, Universalist, and Swedenborgian children to join in the May-day review of Sabbath School children.

GARLANDS  
OF  
LOVE





### LOVE'S SUMMER-TIME.

'Tis summer, by the river side  
We sit together—watch the tide—  
And sometimes on the surface glide,  
    You and I, you and I.  
Fondly whispering when we meet—  
Little whisperings, soft and sweet—  
Of the time when friends shall greet  
    You and I, you and I.

Now beside a little brook,  
Now within a shady nook,  
Searching through a little book,  
    You and I, you and I.  
Watching streamlets passing near,  
Watching shadows that appear—  
Faces to each other dear,  
    You and I, you and I.

Here within these folds we read,  
Of the truths we both must heed—  
Words of our dear Parson's creed,  
    You and I, you and I.  
For the time is drawing near,  
Yes, my love, 'twill soon appear,  
And kind friends will come to cheer  
    You and I, you and I.

O, then, let us joyous be,  
Soon that happy day we'll see,  
And we'll then united be,  
    You and I, you and I.  
Yes, my darling, garlands now,  
Soon will rest upon thy brow—  
To the Parson's creed we'll bow,  
    You and I, you and I.

#### NOT ALL A DREAM.

When I have laid me down to rest  
And bid good-by to earthly pleasure,  
I think of one so pure, so fair—  
    To me she is a precious treasure.  
I think of her, and on my pillow  
The days come back—the days gone by,  
I bend my ear as doth the willow  
And then the one I love draws nigh.

To some it may seem all a dream,  
To me not so, for 'tis a pleasure  
To know that one I love comes back  
    In dreams—that little darling treasure;  
I welcome her—where'er it be,  
And when she comes—no matter how,  
My heart o'erflows with ecstasy,  
    'Twas thus in days gone by, and 'tis so now.

## THE BIRD OF MY HEART.

### *A Maiden's Soliloquy.*

Somebody to love !  
If I only knew  
Where somebody lived  
That would love me, too,  
Somebody whose heart  
Was warm and strong ;  
Somebody to watch me  
And help me along  
The journey of life,  
And stand beside  
My form at the altar,  
And I a bride.

Somebody to love !  
If I could but dare  
To think of a lover,  
My love to share,  
To go with me  
Adown the glade,  
And through life's troubles  
With me to wade ;  
Somebody to share  
The bitter and sweet ;  
Somebody with smiles  
My face to greet.

Somebody to love!  
If on life's way  
A lover beside my path  
Would stray,  
And drop in my ear  
The tender word  
Of love, like the whispering  
Of a bird;  
New life, new beauties  
Would come to me,  
And the bird of my heart  
Would be set free.

## TO THE THOUGHTLESS ONE.

When 'mid the gay and thoughtless  
    Thou art borne away;  
When with the cup of gladness  
    Thou doth idly play;  
When sipping of life's pleasure  
    Whereso'er it be,  
Turn back to memory's page  
    And give one thought to me.

When round thy saddened pathway  
    Loving ones draw near  
When others fondly strive  
    Thy burdened heart to cheer  
Reserve one sacred spot  
    Therein I pray,  
For one who hopes in memory  
    Long to stay.

When on life's journey  
    All seems dark and drear,  
When down thy cheek  
    There glides a silent tear,  
When hopes are shattered  
    And thou'rt all at sea,  
Forget thy sorrows  
    And remember me.

## ONE MEMENTO ERE WE PART.

Won't you kiss me, Katie darling  
Ere we bid good-by to-night,  
Won't you kiss me, pretty maiden  
Ere I wander from your sight?  
Won't you give me, Katie darling,  
One memento I may keep,  
Won't you kiss me, pretty maiden,  
While the stars are all asleep?

Won't you give me, Katie darling,  
One memento ere we part,  
One kiss only, pretty maiden,  
One to ease this burdened heart.  
Won't you, won't you, Katie darling?  
I am going now—good-night—  
Show me, darling, that you love me,  
Ere I wander from your sight.

Yes, my darling, skies are brighter,  
When the clouds are turned aside,  
Kiss me, darling, I am waiting,  
Waiting now at eventide.  
I am waiting, I am waiting,  
Waiting now at eventide.

## SAY YOU LOVE ME, KITTY DARLING.

I am waiting, weary waiting, weary waiting, Kitty  
dear,

I am waiting for thy message, I am waiting, waiting  
here;

For the world to me is lonely, very lonely, Kitty dear,  
And I know you'll say you love me, ere the closing of  
the year

Say you love me, truly love me, say you love me, Kitty  
dear,

Won't you, Kitty, darling Kitty, won't you drive  
away this tear?

Yes, sweet Kitty, darling Kitty, come and drive away  
this tear.

Art thou waiting, lonely waiting, lonely waiting,  
Willie dear,

Art thou waiting for a message—for a message  
waiting here?

Is the world to thee so lonely—very lonely, Willie  
dear?

If 'tis so you'll hear from Kitty, long before the next  
new year.

If you love me, if you love me, if you love me, Willie  
dear,

Then your Kitty, darling Kitty, soon will drive away  
that tear;

Yes, your Kitty, darling Kitty, soon will drive away  
that tear.



I am waiting, weary waiting, weary waiting, Kitty  
dear,

Yes, I'm waiting for thy message, I am waiting, wait-  
ing here.

All the world to me is dreary—very dreary, Kitty  
dear,

And until you say you love me, I shall still be waiting  
here.

Say you love me, say it quickly, say you love me, Kitty  
dear,

While I'm waiting, while I'm waiting, come and fill  
this heart with cheer.

Yes, dear Kitty, darling Kitty, while I'm waiting,  
waiting here.

If you're waiting, weary waiting, fondly waiting, Wil-  
lie dear,

If you're waiting for my message, you shall have it,  
have it here.

Yes, I love you, love you only—yes, I love you, Willie  
dear,

And I ask you now to give me all your heart this  
gladsome year.

Yes, I love you ; yes, I love you ; yes, I love you, Wil-  
lie dear,

And we'll travel life together, and we'll love each  
other here.

Yes, we'll travel life together, till we reach another  
sphere.

Song and Duet, Published 1880.

## A LOVER'S SOLILOQUY.

What doth it mean, has my lov'd one forgotten  
The promise she gave? Is her pledge but a play  
Upon words—and her promise a snare and delusion?  
My darling, my lov'd one—what hast thou to say?  
When shall we meet where the waves are caressing  
Each other—and pointing to worldlings the way?  
When shall we meet—my golden-haired treasure?  
When shall we meet where the waves idly play?

When shall we meet?—art thou simply conniving  
With others—to play upon heart-strings and tear  
From memory's pages the fond recollections—  
The sweetest of treasures a true heart can bear?  
When shall we meet—my golden-haired treasure?  
When shall we meet—say, where shall it be?  
Up in the mountains, or down by the river,  
On the rialto, or the shore by the sea.

## THE LOVE STARS.

I'm dreaming of thee, love, I'm dreaming of thee,  
The stars they are shining—look up, love, and see,  
They are shining for you, they are shining for me,  
Look up, love, my darling, look up, love, and see.  
I'm dreaming, my loved one, I'm dreaming of thee,  
O loved one, I'm dreaming of thee.

I'm dreaming of thee, love, how long shall it be  
That I must keep dreaming, my loved one, of thee?  
Without thy sweet presence to cheer my lone way.  
O tell me, my darling, when you'll with me stay?  
Speak out, love, speak out, love, and tell me, I pray,  
O tell me when you'll with me stay?

I'm dreaming of thee, love, I'm dreaming once more,  
The stars they are shining, as often before,  
They are beaming so bright that it seemeth to me  
The stars, love, the love stars are smiling on thee.  
I'm dreaming once more, love, I'm dreaming of thee,  
And stars, love, the love stars, are smiling on me.

The love stars are shining, how brightly they beam,  
They're lighting our bark as it glides down the  
stream;  
Lighting us onward—lighting our way,  
Love stars, my darling, forever to stay.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S NOBBY LITTLE  
DAUGHTER.

The charming little maid that goes traveling down  
the glade

Is the old soldier's nobby little daughter ;  
She tries her winning ways when the boys upon her  
gaze

And turns aside just when they think they've  
caught her.

She's a darling little pet and her eyes are firmly set  
Just like the shoes that patter where she goes ;  
But she never turns those eyes on the up-grade to the  
skies,

When she wants us all to see her pretty hose.

She's nobby and she's pert. She's a naughty little  
flirt,—

She's the old soldier's nobby little daughter,  
She darts along our way like a duck upon the bay  
Or a nobby little craft upon the water.

She's a pretty little elf and she loves her little self  
As well as all the boys along her way ;  
And with nobby little airs she will climb the golden  
stairs,

When the pickets placed on duty go astray.

She's the old soldier's nobby little daughter—  
Yes—the old soldier's charming little daughter,  
And she trots along each day  
Up and down the world's highway,  
Till the pople turn around  
To view the shaking ground  
Where the foot-prints can be found  
Of that old soldier's nobby little daughter.

### THAT BOY'S SISTER.

That boy had a sister with face so fair  
That everybody wanted her love to share—  
Yes, everybody wanted through life to care  
For *that* boy's sister.

She had eyes like the stars  
And a pretty little nose,  
With a crown of golden hair  
And cheeks just like the rose;  
Oh she was a darling, as everybody knows,—  
Was *that* boy's sister.

That boy had a sister with voice so sweet  
That everybody said, "O ho—what a treat,"  
Yes, everybody said—Oh, how nice and sweet  
Is *that* boy's sister.

Her voice it woke the angels  
As the sound went up on high,  
While all its sweetest echoes  
Went floating in the sky,  
Oh, she was an angel, just for the world on high—  
Was *that* boy's sister.

That boy had a sister whose heart was nice,  
But everybody said "'Twas as cold as ice"—  
Yet everybody wanted a kiss so nice  
From *that* boy's sister.

She had cheeks like the posies  
And nobby sort of airs,  
With lots of self possession  
All free from worldly cares—  
Oh, she is a darling, and everybody stares  
At *that* boy's sister.

### IF IT WERE NOT FOR DREAMS.

If it were not for dreams—dreams with you and  
with I—

There could be no bright Heaven beneath the fair  
sky;

No spot on Earth's surface to daintily tread,  
No bright fairy bower to pluck from a bed  
The fairest of flowers, that bloom on our way—  
The flowers on our pathway—while on Earth we  
stray—

In our dreams, in our dreams—in our idle dreams.

If it were not for dreams when mankind were young,  
The old, old, old story, remaining unsung,  
Would bring us no fond hopes to brighten the way—  
No warnings to keep us from being too gay;  
And when old age came there'd be nothing to show  
But dear little burdens—which so many know—

In their dreams—in their dreams—in their idle  
dreams.

Let us then turn from dreamland and on in the race,  
Keep step to the music which leads in the pace  
To the pleasures we dream of—and then, by and by,  
We shall know of the pleasures away up on high—

In our dreams—in our dreams—in our idle dreams.  
Steamer Potsdam, July, 1901.

**GARLANDS  
OF  
PEACE**





### THE HEROES WHO DIED.

“God knows who was right,  
Ah, yes, it is true!  
And the God of the Gray  
Is the God of the Blue:  
He bore their proud spirits  
To mansions above,  
And He crowned them at last  
With His garlands of love.

“The grass grows green  
On the graves where they lay;  
The flowers bloom alike  
O’er the Blue and the Gray;  
And loved ones’ tears  
Are mingling with dew,  
While with it God blesses  
The Gray and the Blue.

“In heaven above us  
God opens His gate,  
No strife, or contention,  
No discords, no hate.  
The portals are open,  
And there side by side  
Stand the heroes of battles—  
The heroes who died.

“God welcomes them all,  
Though in battle’s array  
One bore the bright Blue  
And the other the Gray;

Though one fought for Union,  
The other for State;  
An angel of Mercy  
Guides all at God's gate.

"And there, at the right hand  
Of Him who is just;  
Away from the mortal  
And up from the dust—  
There, there by God's throne,  
Far away from Earth's grave,  
In raiment unspotted  
Stand the true and the brave.

"Shall we, the frail worldlings,  
Who yet live and wait —  
Shall we sit in judgment,  
Or cry out in hate?  
While a Father above us,  
A Father all-wise,  
Calls back His loved children  
From earth to the skies.

"Forgive us, forgive us,  
Dear Father above!  
Bring back to our conscience  
The heart-beat of love;  
And while we are weeping  
For *our* loves to-day,  
Let us kindly remember  
The Blue and the Gray."

**"THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE RIGHT."\***

They thought they were right  
When their path was o'erstrewn  
With our wounded and dying,  
While the heaven's bright moon  
Came through the dark clouds  
And whispered away—  
To the realms far above—  
The pure souls from the clay.

They thought they were right,  
When near to death's door  
They carried their banners  
And still cried for more:  
More blood from our true ones,  
More blood from our braves;  
While they clung to their idols—  
Their idols, the slaves.

They thought they were right,  
Shall we longer refrain  
From welcoming back  
To our household again,  
When the record they made,  
Like our own sons, so bold,  
Will ere long be written  
In bright letters of gold.

They thought they were right,  
Shall we longer deny  
That their heroic deeds  
Are recorded on high?  
And we, though victorious,  
And they backward driven,  
Yet in Heaven above us  
Their sins all forgiven.

Was it God teaching lessons  
On each fatal day,  
When the fields were o'er-spread  
With the Blue and the Gray?  
Was it God bearing back  
On each gentle wave,  
The souls of His children—  
The souls of the brave?

If it was, let us hide  
From our mem'ry to-day  
The dark thoughts we cherished  
For those who wore Gray,  
And if God—always just,  
Our God—can forgive,  
May not we of the earth  
As brothers still live?

Chicago, December, 1871.

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\*The words uttered by a Union soldier when applauding the  
bravery of the Boys in Gray.

## THE WELCOME HOME.

'Tis hard, yes, 'tis hard, when we think of the braves  
And remember their deeds writ in story;  
'Tis hard, harder still when we look on the graves  
And turn to the battle-fields gory;  
But hard though it be, 'tis far better *here*,  
To forgive and forget with our sorrow  
To hide all our pride, and dry every tear,  
While we welcome the wayward to-morrow.

'Tis hard, yes, 'tis hard, to forget all the past  
With its tears, its anguish, its sorrow;  
'Tis hard, harder still, to give up at last  
And welcome them back on the morrow;  
But, hard though it be, 'twould be harder still  
To forget that the great God above us  
Has taught us with mercy to temper our will  
To the dear wayward ones who still love us.  
1872.

## AN OLD SOLDIER'S SOLILOQUY.

When the day of toil is over  
And we reach our hour of rest,  
When the Nation—in its glory  
Proves that it hath borne the test.  
When the last of tottering heroes  
Wearily hath gone away,  
Will they speak of us in kindness  
As they speak of us to-day?

Will our children—children's children—  
Think of those who firmly stood  
For the honor of their country,  
As all patriots ever should?  
Will they go to yonder grave-yard  
With their precious flowers of May?  
Will they do as we are doing  
When our bones are laid away?

Often, when the spell comes o'er me  
Often do I think of this,  
Often when I press so gently  
On those lips a good-night kiss,  
Often do I pause and wonder  
Whether 'twill be ever so—  
Precious flowers for these dear comrades—  
As the ages come and go.

1882.

## LAY THE FLOWERS LOVINGLY.

Lay the flowers lovingly over the dead,  
Leave not a mother to grieve by the bed  
Of a darling forgotten—for God bore away  
The souls clad in raiment of Blue and of Gray.

Lay the flowers lovingly over the tomb,  
Garland its portals and hide all its gloom  
For heroes are resting from honors to-day  
Some shrouded in Blue and some shrouded in Gray.

Lay the flowers lovingly over the dead,  
Weave a bright chaplet to cover the head,  
And while thou art weeping for the lov'd borne  
    away  
Lay Garlands of Peace o'er the Blue and the Gray.

Over them all angels are watching  
    Over them all—over them all.  
Let the bright flowers lovingly lay  
    Over them all—over them all.

Sheet Music, 1881.



### THE ARMLESS HERO'S PLEA.

Gather the flowers of May, love,  
Gather them 'mid the dew,  
Lay them all over the Gray, love,  
And over the honored Blue;  
Let not a mother weep, love,  
Let not the fatherless say  
That heroes wearing the Blue, love,  
Are false to the heroes in Gray.

Gather the flowers of May, love,  
Gather them here and there,  
Lay them all over the graves, love,  
And with them leave a prayer;  
Think not of what they wore, love,  
When drawn up in battle array,  
Leave all such things to Him, love,  
Who cares for the Blue and the Gray.

Gather the flowers of May, love,  
Garland them pretty and neat,  
Lay them all over the grave, love,  
Cover the head and the feet;  
Pass not a single mound, love,  
Let not a stranger say,  
That we who were wearing the Blue, love,  
Now turn from our brothers in Gray.

Gather the flowers of May, love,  
Gather them early and late, .  
Look to the sky up there, love—  
God and His children wait;  
Turn not thine eyes away, love,  
For up in the realms on high  
God honors the Blue and the Gray, love,  
And passes no hero by.

Gather the flowerets of May, love,  
Twine them for brave men and true;  
Twine them all over the Gray, love,  
Twine them all over the Blue.  
Weave them in garlands of peace, love,  
Weave them in garlands to-day,  
Garlands of peace for the Blue, love,  
Garlands of peace for the Gray.  
Sheet Music, 1880.

## ANGELS GUARD THINE OWN TO-DAY.

### I.

Weep not, mother, for thy child,  
Resting where the conflict wild  
Raged tumultuous o'er the plain,  
Leaving thousands 'mong the slain.  
Let his bones lie 'neath the clod,  
Guarded by a loving God ;  
Where the wild flowers ever stay,  
Clasping fondly Blue and Gray.

Weep not, mother, for thine own,  
God has placed him near His throne,  
While around his honored grave  
Heroes stand and flowerets wave,  
And above the precious sod  
Tribute pay to thee and God.  
Fear not, though thou'rt far away,  
Angels guard thine own to-day.

Weep not, mother, for thy brave,  
If no other, then the slave—  
Now from bondage ever free—  
Tribute there will pay to thee ;  
For the one you proudly bore—  
He who gave his life in war,  
Sleeping in a Southern land,  
Rests among the heroes grand.

Weep not, mother, He who gave  
Ever cares for all His brave.  
Southrons bear no hatred now —  
To one brotherhood they bow ;  
And, while thou art weeping here,  
They, too, mourn for loved ones dear,  
Sleeping by thine honored one,  
Side by side 'neath God's bright sun.

Weep not, mother—all to-day  
Freely give their flowers of May.  
And while we, beneath God's sky,  
Flowerets lay where heroes lie—  
Asking not the way they trod,  
Leaving all such thoughts with God—  
So our brothers—comrades all,  
Answer to God's bugle call.

Weep not, mother, by these graves,  
Hosts unnumbered—heroes, braves !  
Ever mindful of their trust,  
Lightly tread the sacred dust.  
And when thou art borne away,  
Children, yet unborn, will lay  
Tributes of affection dear  
O'er the loved ones buried here.

## II.

Somebody guardeth that lonely tomb,  
Somebody hideth away all its gloom,  
Somebody garlands with roses the bed,  
Somebody honors the heroes now dead.  
Weep not and wail not, for out of that clay,  
A spirit now rises to teach us the way  
To brotherly kindness and brotherly love,  
Like that which encircles God's children above.

Somebody's darling is watching to-day,  
Somebody's loved one is marking the way,  
Somebody's idol is guiding aright,  
Somebody's spirit is beaming with light.  
Weep not for loved ones at rest in the grave,  
Weep not while in their rich fountains we bathe,  
Weep not, for there, in the river of blood,  
God causeth the spirit of kindness to bud.

Somebody's body lies broken in bread,  
Somebody's blessing all over is spread,  
Somebody's blood the wine cup doth fill,  
Somebody seeketh our hard soil to till.  
Weep not for loved ones in raiment of Blue,  
Weep not, for they to their country were true;  
Weep not for brave ones in garments of Gray,  
Weep not, for all are God's heroes to-day.  
Brooklyn, May 30, 1879.

## HE SLEEPS WHERE HE FELL.

They have buried my love in the land far away  
They have buried him there 'mong the brave,  
He sleeps where he fell, on the old battlefield,  
And the wild flowers now bloom on his grave.

They have buried my love in the garments he wore,  
Side by side are the Blue and the Gray,  
He sleeps with his comrades and over his grave  
God's angels their flowerets now lay.

They have buried my love where the flowers ever  
bloom,  
In the bright sunny land far away,  
And there 'mong the heroes in Gray and in Blue  
All our loved ones are heroes to-day.

He sleeps where he fell 'mong the brave and the  
true,  
He sleeps with his comrades in glory,  
He sleeps 'mong the brave ones who wore the bright  
Blue,  
And his deeds they are written in story.

## ONWARD MARCHING.

Side by side the boys are marching,  
Side by side the heroes stand,  
Patriots on the field of battle,  
Heroes in God's heavenly land.  
Side by side 'mid earth's vain glory,  
Side by side in royal state.  
Side by side—aye, onward marching—  
Marching while their comrades wait.

Marching while the drums are beating,  
Weeping 'mid the flowers of May.  
Mourning for their comrades sleeping  
Side by side the Blue and Gray.  
Side by side the boys are marching,  
Side by side the heroes sleep,  
Side by side brave comrades mourning,  
Side by side the loved ones weep.

Side by side the stars are shining.  
'Mid their fields of Gray and Blue,  
Side by side bright flowrets twining  
Golden crowns o'er heroes true.  
Side by side they stand in glory,  
Side by side brave comrades wait,  
Blue and Gray—their brothers greeting  
On beyond the golden gate.

May, 1878.

TREAD LIGHTLY O'ER THE BLUE AND  
GRAY.

Tread lightly o'er the sacred bed  
Where rests a nation's honored dead.  
Lay blooming flow'rets on their grave,  
Weave chaplets o'er the heroes brave,  
And when there comes thy day of rest  
'Twill be with heroes 'mong the blest.

Tread lightly where their bones now lay;  
Tread lightly o'er the Blue and Gray,  
Strew tokens of affection here—  
To hide the gloom and dry the tear,  
For when from earth thou'rt called away  
'Twill be to join the Blue and Gray.

Tread lightly on that sacred mound  
Where loved one's bones lie 'neath the ground,  
Tread lightly, for beneath the sod  
Are children of a loving God;  
Tread lightly, and on judgment day  
Thou'lt honored stand with Blue and Gray.



## UNDER THE OLD FLAG.

Under the old flag,  
    Beaming so bright,  
Under the old flag,  
    Now floats the white;  
Under the old flag,  
    Tatter'd and torn,  
Under the old flag,  
    Now breaks the morn.

Under the old flag,  
    Waving on high,  
Under the old flag,  
    Every tear dry;  
Under the old flag,  
    Pure in each sight,  
Under the old flag,  
    God wills the right.

Under the old flag,  
    Sacred and just,  
Under the old flag,  
    Up from the dust;  
Under the old flag,  
    Living and dead,  
Under the old flag,  
    None longer dread.

Under the old flag,  
Peaceful they rest,  
Under the old flag,  
North, South and West;  
Under the old flag,  
Brothers once more,  
Under the old flag,  
Guarding our shore.

Under the old flag,  
Blue and Gray stand,  
Under the old flag,  
Loving their land;  
Under the old flag,  
Evermore true,  
Under the old flag,  
Star lit in blue.

Under the old flag,  
Loving it, yet,  
Under the old flag,  
Ne'er to forget;  
Under the old flag,  
Faithful and true,  
Under the old flag,  
The Gray and the Blue.

## PATRIOTISM—SERIOUS QUESTIONS.

Is there, beneath our golden sky,  
A man so lost that drawing nigh  
To battle fields where heroes bled  
He dare not pause beside the dead  
And drop a tear upon the grave ?

Is there a man so lost to sense of shame  
That for an idle breath of worldly fame  
He'd spurn the teachings of a Father just,  
And tread, profanely, o'er the sacred dust  
Where brave men sleep?

Is there an honored son, of honored sires,  
That ever stood amid the army fires,  
Who, when the smoke of battle cleared away,  
Could turn from where a wounded soldier lay,  
Because the suit he wore was tinged with gray?

Is there a patriot in this honored land  
With heart so cold that by the grave can stand  
Without a thought for those whose loved ones lay,  
Beside the honored Blue, in shrouds of Gray,  
Because, forsooth, their judgment went astray?

**BON-BONS  
FOR  
WORLDLINGS**



## OLD SOL'S CHURCH EXPERIENCE.

*The Fate of Many a Jolly Good Fellow.*

### I.

They used to call me a Christian  
When I followed the popular creed  
By hirin' a pew in the meetin'-house  
And letting my pockets bleed;  
But when the times got hard with me,  
And I wouldn't stand no rise,  
They said I was only a wicked cuss  
Wot couldn't git up to the skies.

### II.

I'd been to their meetin's a score of years,  
And I'd always done my share;  
But I never went off, like Deacon Joe,  
On a wicked sort of a "tare;"  
Nor turned my back on one good wife  
To follow the crooked way,  
After j'inin' the folks in the meetin'-house,  
And helpin' 'em all to pray.

### III.

Our pew is sot in the middle path,  
Where the big folks all want to be;  
And we always bowed our heads in prayer,  
My dear Jemima and me.

And when the parson got preachin' about  
Them folks in the heathen land,  
Jemima held out her pocketchief  
While I unloosed the strand.

IV.

The rentin' time came, and all of the folks  
Got together at church one night;  
A ticket was pasted on our pew,  
With the figures all plainly in sight.  
They'd taxed me a sixty the year gone by,  
But now 'twas a cool twenty more,  
And I saw at a glance that Jemima and I  
Must vamoose, or get nearer the door.

V.

I'd always paid, like an honest man,  
And put my share on the plate;  
But they kept on a raisin' the tariff each year  
Till my pocket it got in a strait;  
And when I just asked them what they meant  
By raisin' the pew rents so,  
They said, Brother Sol, if eighty's too much  
There are pews where the poor folks can go.

VI.

I thought it all over and over again,  
And I wondered what they'd say  
If Sol turned back from the rich man's path  
To follow the poor man's way;

And I made up my mind 'twere better to be  
A good man out of the fold,  
Then a wicked cuss, just buying his way  
To the rich man's heaven, with gold.

## VII.

So I took my Bible under my arm  
And I made a bee-line for the door,  
And since that time I've been workin' my way  
On a raft for the other shore.  
And I think I'll git there, one of these days,  
And maybe the good Lord will say:  
"Come in old Sol, there's plenty of room  
Where there won't be no pew rents to pay."



## UNKLE JEREMIAH ON THE HEATHEN.

They call me a heathen, they do, John,  
An' sumhow, I can't understand  
Why they calls a fellow a heathen, —John—  
In this good old Christian land.  
When he goes to meetin' on Sunday, John,  
An' helps 'em to sing and to pray,  
An' tries to live as a good man should,  
An' to keep from goin' astray.

But they say I'm a heathen—a heathen, John,  
An' a heathen I surely must be;  
'Cause I don't spend my money a livin fast,  
Nor git on a high old spree,  
Like the deacon, wot passes the hat, John,  
An' helps 'em to grind at the mill,  
Where they turn out the chink for the parson,  
John,  
With the slops from the deacon's still.

I'm a heathen! They say I'm a heathen, John,  
'Cause I never stays out late,  
An' then crawls back through the window, John,  
After climbing the garden gate—

So they won't hear the creak of the door, John,  
An' turn to the clock up there,  
An' ax why I staid out so late, John,  
With our Christian folks in prayer?

I'm a heathen! Yes, a heathen—I surely must be,  
A heathenish sort of a child,  
Fur I never goes back on one good wife,  
Albeit her temper gits riled;  
An' I can't help a thinkin' it's better to be  
A heathenish chap like me,  
Than one of the sort wot sometimes goes  
A bummin' around so free.

I'm a heathen, yes, I'm a heathen, John,  
Because I've no money to spare,  
For building a royal old temple, John,  
With a golden pulpit and chair.  
I'm a heathen! Yæ, I'm a heathen, they say,  
And a heathen I surely shall be,  
'Till the bread of life is strewn broadcast  
As the waters of life are—free.

UNKLE JEREMIAH'S LETTER TO JOE.  
ON THE FUTURE STATE.

I've been a thinkin to-night, Joe,  
'Bout how hard it is fur to die  
An' git out of reach of the chaps, Joe,  
Wot follows a man to the sky;  
An' I've been a wonderin wen, Joe,  
A poor man gits 'mong the blest.  
Fur they goes fur a man wen he's dead, Joe,  
An won't even let his soul rest.

The M. D.'s tares our bodys to peaces, Joe,  
An tells of wot sickness we dies,  
An then comes along the D—D—s, Joe,  
An' picks us apart in the skies;  
An then some old chap wot thinks, Joe,  
That thair ain't no God up thair,  
Says: "we must a belonged to his class," Joe,  
'Cause he hadn't seen us in prayer.

Have you noticed the papers of late, Joe?  
Have you seen how they go for old Abe?  
The chap wot we used fur to think, Joe,  
Was better than old Angel Gabe.  
They say that "he weren't no saint," Joe,  
That "a kristian he never could be;"  
'Cause he didn't belong to our church, Joe,  
An worship with you and with me.

It's strange that they didn't discover, Joe,  
Afore this good old man died,  
That he weren't no saint but a sinner, Joe,  
Just a driftin' upon the tide.

It's strange that a feller like him, Joe,  
    Could have traveled the long journey o'er,  
An been such a wicked old sinner, Joe,  
And yet reach the other bright shore.

Fur of all the fellers wots cussin, Joe,  
    There aint one wot dares fur to say,  
That our blessed old Father Abram, Joe,  
    Ain't a livin up in heaven to-day;  
An if he's got there all rite, Joe,  
    I kant see wot these fellers mean  
By pickin' his good soul to peaces, Joe,  
    An takin' the fat from the lean.

Fur there ain't no saints nor sinners, Joe,  
    Wot lives down here below,  
That ar better than old Massa Link, Joe,  
    Tho' he didn't make no blow;  
An if all our kristian statesmen, Joe,  
    Would follow his teachins to-day;  
Thair wouldn't be no grabbers, Joe,  
    Fur the back-ard an for-ard pay.

An somehow it seemeth to me, Joe—  
    An I kan't help a thinkin' it o'er—  
That if chaps like good Massa Link, Joe,  
    All git to the other bright shore;  
That thair ain't no use a quarrelin', Joe,  
    'Bout creeds an that sort a thing;  
Fur we'll all git together, at last, Joe,  
    An aside of God's angels we'll sing.

## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

I've been looking 'round the graveyard, Joe,  
Where we have often met;  
When weeping for our brave ones, Joe,  
The boys we'll ne'er forget;  
An' I've been a watchin' the flowers, Joe,  
As they fell from human hands;  
Upon these sacred mounds, Joe,  
So near these lake-shore sands.

Perhaps you've not forgotten, Joe,  
What once I told you here:  
"That over there lie sleeping, Joe,  
The bones to others dear,"  
And o'er them hearts are beating, now,  
For loved ones freed from care;  
While we, forbid their strewing flowers  
O'er loved forms resting there.

And then, I think, I also said,  
"That it was hard indeed,  
For one who lived and loved, Joe,  
To wear the widow's weed;"  
But harder, harder still, Joe,  
Is it to know that we,  
Still cherish all our hatred, Joe,  
For those whom God made free.

And, Joe, I'm a looking up, now,  
To realms above the skies;  
And there, methinks, I plainly see  
The friends we dearly prize;  
And by their side are sitting, now,  
The boys who wore the Gray;  
There's no distinction there, Joe,  
This thirtieth day of May.

These things they set me thinking, Joe,  
An' I just asked Parson May:  
Whether God—his God—forgave, Joe,  
The boys wot went astray;  
He scratched his head but a moment, Joe,  
An' then he said: "It were true,  
That God took all o' his Gray boys," Joe,  
"And set 'em aside of the Blue."

I haven't got a much larnin', Joe,  
But then, it seemeth to me,  
That if our blessed old Father, Joe,  
Could thus make His Gray boys all free;  
That we ain't a doin' wots right, Joe,  
By gittin' our back up this way;  
An' tellin' our neighbors they can't strew flowers  
O'er their own loved ones to-day.

I know it ain't very popular, Joe,  
To talk out in this kind o' style;  
An' that many a crooked old foggy, Joe,  
Will wish us sunk down in the Nile;

But then, I don't care—not nary a red—  
What unthinking mortals may say;  
I'll try to be honest and just unto all,  
While God loves the Blue and the Gray.

“With malice toward none,” Joe,  
Let's bear our standard high;  
“With charity for all,” Joe,  
That dwell below the sky;  
“With firmness in the right,” Joe,  
Defend our boys in Blue,  
They died to make men free, Joe,  
They died for me and you.

Chicago, 1872.

## THE BLESSINGS OF MATRIMONY.

### *What the Baby Did.*

'Twas many years ago, as some of you may know,  
When the people said, "I'd always happy be;"  
    But the days have long gone by  
    Since my pretty Sal and I  
Helped the parson earn his clever little fee.  
    'Tis a dozen years or more  
    Since I heard a baby snore,  
And saw it from the cradle try to creep.  
    "It is just like its papa,"  
    Was what they said—ha! ha!  
When I closed my eyes and tried to fall asleep.  
    It was, "Rock it, rock it—so,"  
    And "Let the darling know  
That papa loves his precious little pet."  
    But the more I rocked away,  
    On toward the break of day,  
The more the little darling one did fret.  
    It was just so every night  
    And until the morning light;  
It was just so all the livelong night and day—  
    "For it's just like its papa,"  
    Was what they said—ha! ha!



When I tried to sleep my troubles all away.  
    I tried the catnip tea  
    Its grandma gave to me  
When in the night I saw it at me stare;  
    But the catnip wouldn't do,  
    And so, to help it through,  
I rocked it in my little old armchair.  
    Yet in the long ago  
    How very few did know  
The troubles that I found so hard to bear.  
    For 'twas, "Rock it, dear papa,"  
    And "Sing to it tra-la,"  
And 'twas, "Rock it in the cradle and the chair."  
    But I'll never rock no more  
    Till I reach the other shore,  
And there, before my Master, I will lay  
    All the story of my life;  
    And then perhaps that wife  
Up there will try to have her little say.  
    Methinks I see her now  
    With scowl upon her brow,  
And with that baby rocking all the day;  
    But I guess she'll never know  
    Till to heaven she shall go  
Why the women folks can't always have their way.

## BRIDGET'S EXPERIENCE IN AMERICA.

### *The Poodles and the Cats.*

They used to say they brought me out to free  
America,  
But some folks think they turned the ship with bow  
the other way,  
For they came and took my poodle, and now they  
want my cat,  
And the next think they'll be after will be that  
little brat.

My poodle sometimes went bow, wow, wow!  
When neighbors were pestering me,  
And pussy got up on the fence at night  
To give us a concert free.  
But the baby squall was the worst of all,  
And I don't know why they should say  
That poodles and cats must all of them go  
If our dear little babies can stay.

If this is boasted freedom, then goodbye, America;  
I'll pack my duds and travel along before the first  
of May,  
For I want to find a blessed land where women folks  
are free  
And where the city bummers won't always be  
pestering me.

I've got but one sweet baby now, and I never want  
no more  
Until I leave America and land on another shore,  
Where they'll never steal a poodle nor a poor old  
woman's cat,  
And where they won't pass laws to take a mother's  
darling brat.

## SAINT PATRICK A BAPTIST.

### *An Irishman's Soliloquy.*

Saint Patrick he was a gintleman, shure,  
As all our good Irishmen know,  
An' whither soever our good Saint has gone,  
All our good Christian folk they must go;  
For every fresh year, as we go marching on,  
An' a day to his memory keep,  
The sky overhead is condoling with us,  
An' over our sorrows doth weep.

An' shure, sir, our Saint a good Baptist must be,  
In the glorious realms up on high,  
Else why should the drops from his garments run  
out,  
An' fall down from out of the sky;  
An' if to the river our Saint quickly took,  
For to get on that other bright shore,  
Be jabers, we oughtn't to murmur a bit  
If a bit of the billows splash o'er.

Then come, all ye lads, to the fountain, and bear  
All yer sins an' yer sorrows each day,  
An' while the brave Yanks are a stragglin' along,  
Just ask 'em all in for to stay;  
An' whether they're sprinkled with one holy drop,  
Or be wadin' through waters so deep,  
It matters not much—so at least they but stop  
With our holy Saint Patrick to sleep.

## THE PEDAGOGUE ABROAD.

### *Our Custom House "Pinafore."*

The schoolmaster sat in his Custom House chair,  
And over the hatchway posted, with care—  
"All pupils wot come in hereafter must know  
How to parse an' to cipher—an' chalk-line to toe;  
An' when they git up afore big men like me  
They must tell all they know of the A, B and C;  
How A stands for Arthur and B stands for Bliss,  
An' C for Cornell—without even a miss;  
An' then when they Survey our big letter G  
They'll learn all the Merritts of a Yankee Na-vee."

And when all our sisters, and our cousins, and our  
aunts,  
Bring along all their brothers, and their uncles, and  
in-fants,  
We'll put 'em all in line, an' we'll have a spellin' bee,  
An' make 'em think there's larnin' in our Yankee  
Na-vee.

"An' now, my verdant scholars, let us see what you  
can do.

Up there you'll find the blackboard with sums all  
set for you,  
An' here's a piece of chalk, Tom—just walk up to  
the line,  
An' let these fellows of the Board inspect that boot-  
black's shine;

An' Harry, where's that s'tificate the doctor gave to  
you?

You haven't put that in yet—I swow—this thing  
won't do.

Our orders they must be obeyed—down to the very  
letter;

Come, Captain, where's the yaller scrap—you're sure  
to go one better,

Fur men wot got commissions fur to carry on the  
war

Have all the edication that will bring our ship ashore.  
Stand up, my boy, an' let us see the shape of them  
there shoes—

Our country calls for number twelves, and not for  
women's twos;

It takes a man to fill our bill, an' one wot bums  
around

Has got the muscle that we want—such chaps we  
know are sound,

Fur they are always ready in a meetin'-place like  
ours

To make an exhibition of their larnin' an' their  
powers."

"Twon't do, sir, you must stand aside, the books  
all put it plain,

That learned men are subject to a softening of the  
brain."

Brooklyn, February 28, 1879.

## PARSON VS. POLITICIAN.

The other day upon the road  
A parson stood with weary load,  
Thinking of hours to come when he  
Might find a politician free  
To help him on his burdened way  
And in his hands the shekels lay.

Unto himself this parson said:  
"Of devious ways I've often read,  
Of politicians' tricks and such;  
Of money we doth covet much  
To pay our little debt, you know.  
Is this the road good statesmen go?"

Then turning on the great highway,  
The parson said, "Perhaps to-day  
I'll find a man with golden prize  
To captivate our people's eyes,  
For politicians say 'tis true  
Religious gifts may help them through.

And lo! behold, the flowers bloom  
Along the way to hide the gloom.  
A golden bud I've plucked to-day,  
And it will help our church debt pay.  
How nice—how very nice, you see,  
To find a statesman kind and free.

### MAY DAY REFLECTIONS.

The first of May comes once a year:

I wish that year could be

A trifle longer for such chaps

As Deacon Josh an' me;

For pickin' up and dustin' 'round,

Each first day morn of May,

Makes men like Deacon Josh an' me

Forget our prayers to say.

I got up bright and early on

This blessed May day morn;

The pantries all seemed empty

And the floors of carpet shorn,

An' Sue an' Sal were looking out

For truckmen—so they say,

An' so I thought I'd up an' git,

An' let them have their way.

I know that I will catch it

When I git ter hum to-night,

But it's better than to wait an' be

A cussing while it's light;

For it seems a heap sight better

That all Christian men like me,

Should keep from out temptation's way

When stars we're sure to see.

So Deacon Josh and I are off,

This glorious first of May,

An' both our wives can go it strong—

For once they'll have their way.

There won't be prayers at our house

To-night when I return,

And Deacon Josh—I pity him;

We all must live and learn.



## THE FOLLIES OF SUMMERTIME.

### *Does It Pay?*

#### I.

The summer is ended, and homeward once more  
To the city our loved ones from inland and shore  
Will hasten—and joyous the greetings will be,  
Though they come from the mountains or over the  
sea.

The housewife, the maiden, the boy in his teens,  
The sweet little treasure whom dear Bridget weans;  
The widow so charming, now seeking a prize—  
For each and for all the curtain shall rise.

#### II.

The maid of all housework is waiting to play  
The part that's allotted to her on life's way;  
The school marm and master who train up the youth  
Are anxiously posing with full store of truth;  
The merchant, so weary, so careworn and sad,  
Is longing for hours when his heart shall be glad;  
The lone washerwoman, as often before,  
Is waiting to scatter the suds o'er the floor;  
The roaches and water-bugs—starving to death—  
Are coming back hungry to gather new breath;  
The dudes and dudses their part will play  
At concerts, in churches and on the highway.

The mothers, "God bless 'em!" how anxious they'll be  
When they look on amazed at the things they shall  
    see,  
When the hopes they have cherished have vanished  
    and gone,  
And the "good boys" they've petted prove boys that  
    go wrong,  
Not fit as companions for Mollie and Sue,  
But only wild spendthrifts with nothing to do.

### III.

The summer is ended!—the rent is unpaid,  
The grocer and butcher in poverty wade,  
While the poor little shoemaker sticks to his last  
And looks at the bills of the months that are past—  
The bills for the gaiters incasing the feet  
Of the maidens that blossom each summer, so sweet,  
While papa and mamma, from pillar to post,  
Each year find a lodgment where they can do most  
Of their trading "on tick"—without the hard cash—  
That the dear, darling daughter may get up "a mash"  
On some wicked fellow without any brains—  
Then come back in sorrow to mourn for their pains.

### IV.

The summer is ended!—the parson, so dear,  
Returneth to labor with wayward ones here;  
He "thought of his children" when working away  
For life—at the seaside—and of those gone astray.

He thought of the church doors, all barred, and the  
poor

In search of a Saviour, and the road that is sure  
To lead to salvation—nine months in the year—  
And the other with three months of pleasure and  
beer.

He gazeth around him, yet faileth to see  
Why the people sit listless and heed not his plea.

## V.

The summer is ended!—let us count up the cost  
As we look on the worldlings—each year tempest-  
tossed:

Let us go to each home and ask, "Does it pay?"  
To go out each year upon fashion's highway—  
Not for health and for comfort, as many contend,  
But only to follow the fashion—and end  
By cheating the tailor, the grocer and all,  
And meeting at last with a ponderous fall.

## THE DEACON'S SOLILOQUY.

What will all the folks do when I have gone away?  
Who will rock the cradle and with my darling stay?  
Who will hunt the paregoric bottle in the night,  
And who will rock the baby till the breaking of the  
light?

Who will cut the kindling and start the kitchen fire?  
And who will peel potatoes for Miss Sally Ann  
Maria?

What will all the folks do when I have gone away?  
When I have gone, when I have gone,  
When I have gone to stay.

What will all the folks do when I am called to go?  
Who will guard the children and warn them as they  
grow.

Who will let my darling wife go out and never tire  
So long as he can sit and talk with Sally Ann Maria?  
Who will wash the dishes when my darling wife is  
out?

And help the pretty kitchen maid when she gets in  
a pout.

What will all the folks do when I have gone away?  
When I have gone, when I have gone,  
When I have gone to stay.

What will all the folks do when I'm around no more?  
Who will shovel off the snow and bring things from  
the store,  
Who will bolt the windows fast, and see that all is  
right,  
And help Miss Sally Ann Maria put out the kitchen  
light?  
Who will hunt the Bible and who will say the  
prayers?  
And who will ask forgiveness for all who sow the  
tares?  
What will all the folks do when I have gone away?  
When I have gone, when I have gone,  
When I have gone to stay.

### SAM BROWN'S SOLILOQUY.

I want to be an angel,  
In that bright an' better land,  
When Sally puts the kittle on  
An' gives her stern command.  
I want to be a lookin' on,  
When in that home up there,  
She shouts: "Git up you lazy lout  
An' come down here to prayer."

I want to see her on the deck,  
I want to hear her cry:  
"Come, Samuel, put that brat to bed  
An' lay that paper by."  
I want to hear her sing psalm tunes  
When Christian folks draw near;  
An' then repeat *her* psalm of life  
At midnight—in *my* ear.

I want to see that heavenly smile,  
When neighbors come to tea;  
An' then I want to see that face  
Turned up with *smiles* (?) on me;  
I want to hear her once more say,  
When Tommy comes from school:  
"Git out you little lazy brat,  
You're nothing but a fool."

In short, I want to meet her there,  
And hear God's angels say:  
"Go out—I know thee not, thou fool!  
Go back and learn to pray!"  
And then, perhaps, I'll have some peace,  
And with the angels stand,  
Where women folks no longer run  
Our ship upon the sand.

And when upon Probation's shore  
She's wandered long and lone,  
I want to see her soul brought back  
An' placed beside the Throne;  
An' then, perhaps, both little Tom  
An' heartless Sam will say:  
"Come, Sally Ann, come right along  
An' with the angels stay."

## SALLY BROWN'S MEDITATIONS.

I wonder where my Sam has gone?  
I'm waiting now to see  
That saintly (?) chap turn up once more  
With prayers (?) for Tom an' me.  
He went away the other morn,  
An' didn't let me know  
That he had writ them lines they call  
"Sam Brown's Soliloquo."

I wish I had him here just now—  
I'd make him sing and shout;  
An' when he went through that thar' door,  
He'd be no "lazy lout."  
He gone among the saints!—I'll bet  
No saint with him would stay,  
Unless it be the kind of saints  
Wot nightly haunt Broadway.

I tried to do my duty well,  
An' be a kind, good wife;  
But Sam was always rilin' me,  
And pester'n out my life.  
He taught that boy to rip and swear,  
An' thought it very nice  
To go a struttin' 'round the streets  
With wicked Nancy Price.



They've gone together—that I know,  
For Nancy went that day;  
An' she and Sam are bummin' 'round—  
I hope they've gone to stay;  
For then there'll be some peace on earth  
For little Tom an' me:  
An' when we reach that better land  
Our souls will there be free.

He git among the angels! Well,  
I'll bet my bottom dollar  
That ere he reaches t'other shore  
He'll drop in Satan's holler;  
An' when the Old Boy gathers in  
His hosts from earth's highway,  
There'll be a long "probation" there  
For them wot's gone astray.

An' yet, methinks, in God's bright land  
I'll sometimes deign to pray  
For wicked Sam and Nancy Price,  
An' them wot gits astray;  
An' then, perhaps, my Lord will bring  
My Samuel back, all free,  
An' I will sing new "psalms of life"  
While Samuel sings to me.

## ELECTION NIGHT.

### *The Musings of a Politician's Wife.*

'Twas election night, not long ago,  
When Harry got a little "how came you so";  
He'd been to the club, and figures, you see,  
Didn't turn out as Harry expected they'd be.  
An so, with the rest, he went off "on a tear,"  
For the sorrow was more than poor Harry could bear.

'Twas election night, not long ago,  
When the streets of the city were all aglow.  
"The country is safe," we heard all of them say,  
And our boys at the crib can still nibble away;  
And this is the glory of nations so free,  
With the "ins" in fat places where the "outs" want  
to be.  
Yes, this is the glory of nations so free,  
With the "ins" in fat places where the "outs" want  
to be.

Then 'twas hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hurrah,  
Hip, hip, hurrah, all the day;  
But the night-shade broke and the lightning's stroke  
Turned the hip, hip, hurrah, t'other way.  
Sheet music, 1881.

## THE GOLDEN WAY.

As on your downy couch you lay,  
With flowers of June among your tresses;  
Where balmy breezes gently play  
And on your brow leave soft caresses;  
How often do your thoughts arise  
From dreams of vanity and pleasure,  
Or pass to those whose precious lives  
Are bowed with grief beyond all measure?

When out upon your morning walk  
You pause beneath God's stately trees,  
How often do you think of those  
Who by their couch—upon their knees,  
Ask God to bring them brighter skies  
That they from poverty may rise?

When at your table—grandly spread,  
You bow your head and ask a blessing,  
Do you not hear the cry for bread—  
That cry so mournful and distressing?  
Go then! and on thy mission bear  
Unbounded love—'till God shall say:  
"Enter within, thy task is done;  
Thou too hast found the golden way."

### THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

I'm old enough to marry, Ma,  
Just old enough, you see,  
And Tommy says he loves me, Ma,  
And that's enough for me.  
I'll marry him, I will, Mama,  
I don't care what they say;  
I'm old enough to marry, Ma,  
I'm bound to have my way.  
I'm old enough to marry, Ma,  
So just you wait and see  
What I will do when Tommy comes  
To make a wife of me.  
I'll go with him, I will, Mama,  
No matter what they say;  
I'm just the age, you know, Mama,  
When girls all want their way.  
It's very nice for you to say  
That I should wait and see  
If Deacon Scroggs won't come along  
And make a doll of me.  
I want to be a *wife*, Mama,  
And not an old man's pet;  
So just you let me alone, Mama,  
And don't get into a fret.  
It won't help you to say you'll do  
This thing, that thing, or the other,  
For I'm going away with Tom some day,  
And I'll never marry another.

## THE BATHERS AT THE BEACH.

I stood by the beach where the wild waves were  
playing;  
I watched the young lovers whose smiles were be-  
traying,  
And I fondly imagined that 'round me was glory  
Like that oft foretold in the pages of story.

I stood by the beach with my face toward the sky,  
When earth's angels passed by me—some wet and  
some dry—  
Their plumage all gone like the birds in the fable,  
Yet these were the angels I met at the table.

I stood by the beach when the brightness all van-  
ished,  
To me it was plain that my joys were all banished,  
For lo! in the splutterings out on the sea,  
My brightest of angels seemed like "Heathen Chi-  
nee."

I stood by the beach while I looked on in sorrow;  
Alas, can it be that such plumage they borrow,  
That when all is gone and they're rigged for the sea,  
The idols we worship turn to "Heathen Chinees"?

## THE MAIDENS ON THE CAR.

When a pretty little maiden  
Puts her foot upon the car,  
Must I stand aside and bid her  
Grasp her hand upon the bar?  
Or shall I gently press my own  
Upon her little arm,  
And when a sudden start is made  
Protect her from all harm?

Some folks, they say "I'm naughty  
If I dare to touch a sleeve,"  
While others say "I'm impolite  
If I the maiden leave."  
And so, 'twixt one and t'other—  
Although I'm kind and true—  
I'm very naughty if I don't,  
And naughty if I do.

I asked an ancient maiden,  
When I met her t'other day;  
She said "I should know better,  
For my hair was turning gray";  
And so, I guess, 'tis best for me  
When on the cars I ride,  
To give all ancient maidens room  
And let them slip and slide.

But when I told a pretty lass  
What I was thinking of,  
She said "such little kindly acts  
Were prompted from above."  
And *now* I think, where'er I go,  
This maxim I will heed:  
"Do unto others as you would"—  
Unless they've gone to seed.

Sheet music, 1880.

## THE MODERN CRANK.

As you travel along on the world's great highway,  
And view with alarm all the vice of our day;  
As you criticise loafers who hang round the courts,  
Or beg for deliverance from bummers and sports,  
The idlers who boast of their power and their rank  
Will lift up their voices and cry out—"A crank!"

If ground down with taxes you ask for relief,  
Or struggle to crush out a partisan thief;  
If gas bills are heavy, or the meter doth lie,  
And protection is asked from the men standing high,  
Some bold blatherskite, or political knave,  
Will dub you "a crank," and make you a slave.

If grog-shops are booming, and one on each corner  
Is placed—as a trap—and each wife a mourner;  
If in kindness you ask City Fathers to stand  
Between you and the lawless of each reckless band,  
Some blossom-nosed loafer will set up a howl,  
And call you "a crank"—with a merciless scowl.

If gambling, in public, you think very wrong,  
And ask its suppression, by laws which are strong;  
If gardens of vice blossom forth as the day,  
And you seek for protection for the youth on life's  
way,

Some blatant political monster will rise  
To brand you "a crank"—and thus earn a prize.



If you covet *no title* of "crank" on life's way,  
Make your bed with the gamblers and loafers who stay  
Round the gin-mills—or take off your hat to the  
          bums

Who run the old parties and beat the big drums.  
Then kindly *they'll* treat you, and good men will turn  
Unto "cranks," whom the loafers and gamblers all  
          spurn.

### THE FROST ON THE WINDOW PANE.

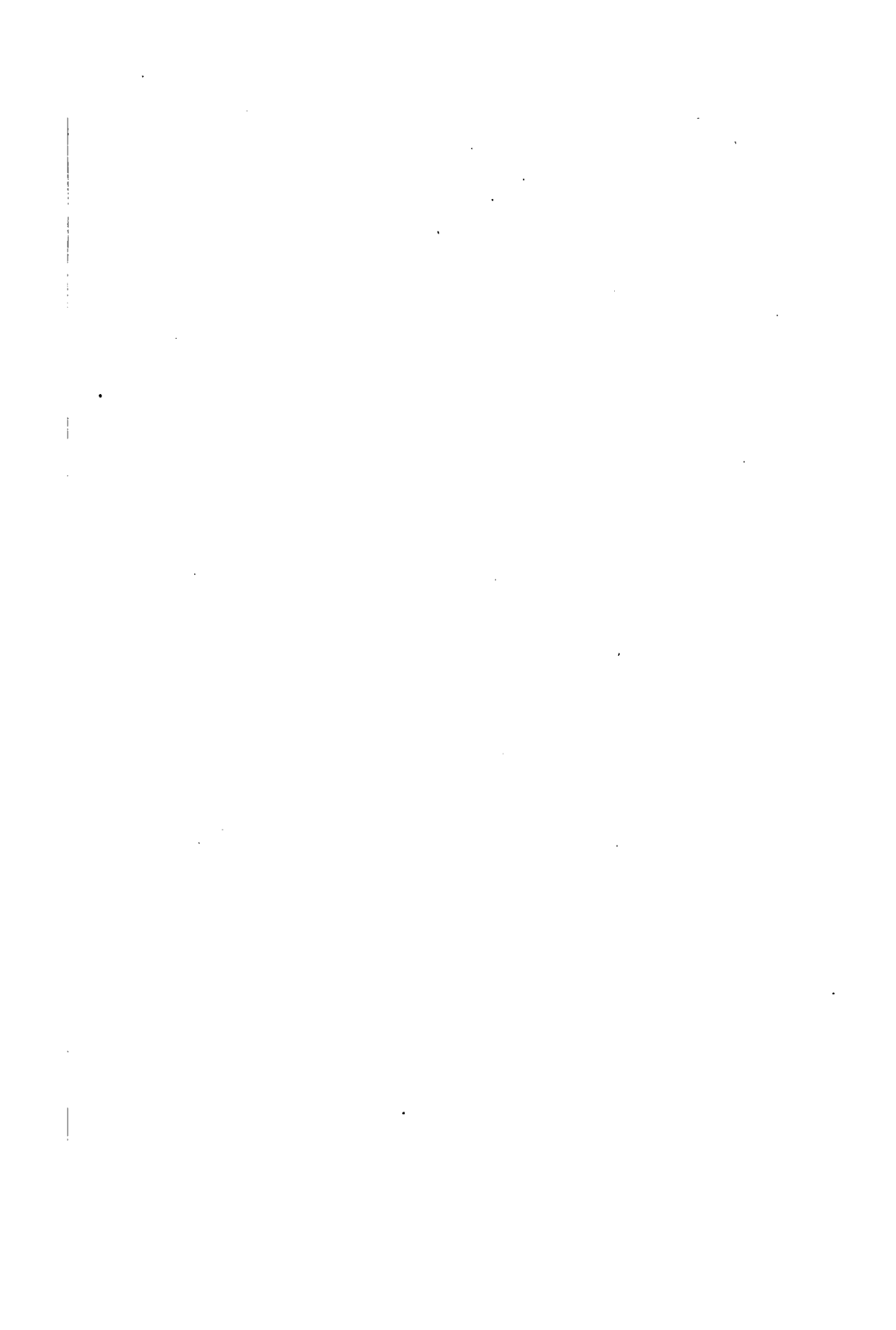
The frost comes back on the window pane,  
But I look—ah, yes! I look in vain,  
For the happy hours of the long ago  
When out in the wintry frost and snow  
I hailed the ice king, gentle or wild,  
And with kind friends the hours beguiled,  
On the frosty plain or the hills of snow,  
In the long ago, in the long ago.

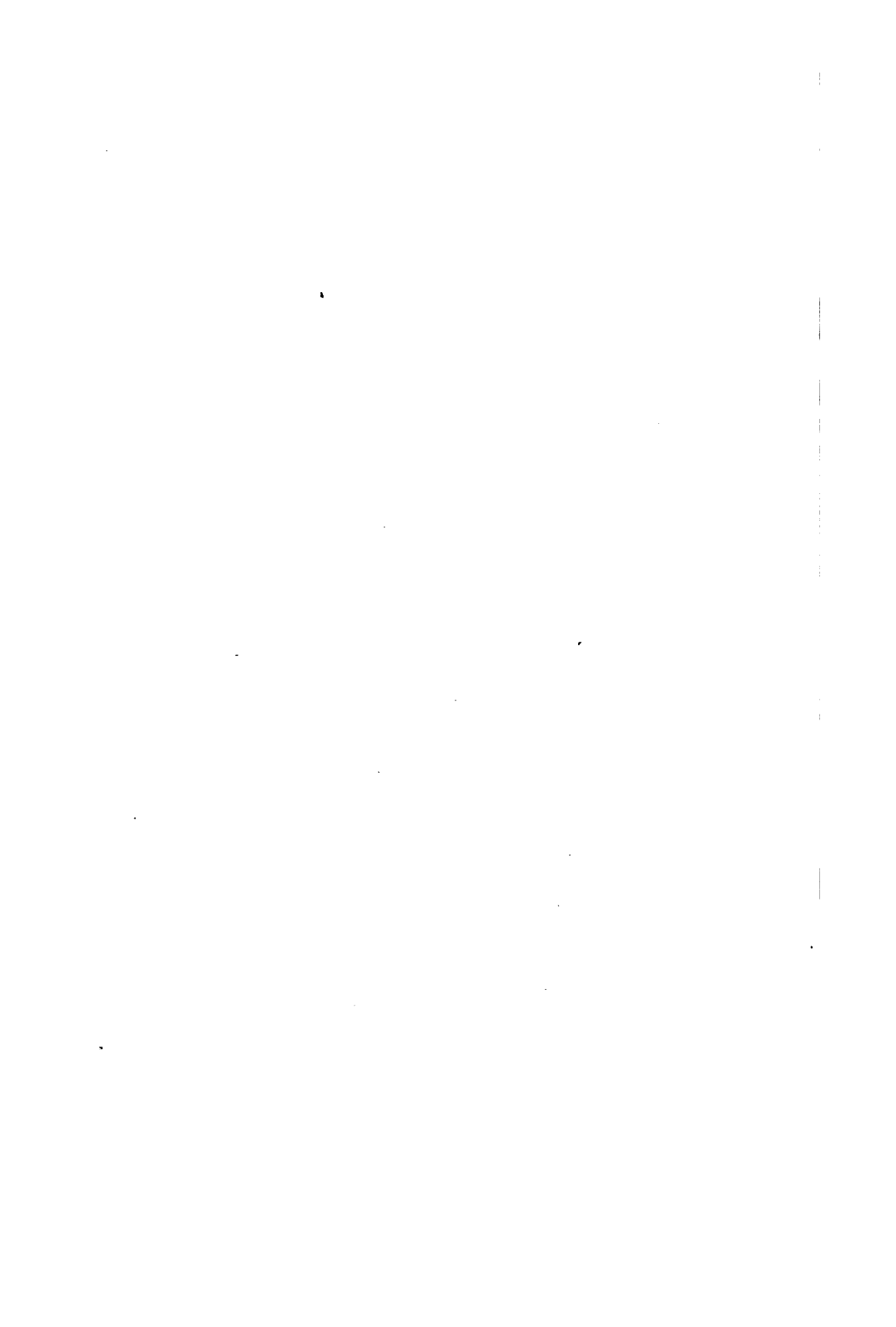
The frost comes back on the window pane,  
But I look—ah, yes! I look in vain,  
For the joyous smiles and the merry chimes  
That cheered my path in the olden times,  
When friends were friends—whether old or new—  
And all stood shoulder to shoulder, true;  
'Mid the early frosts and the wintry snow  
Of the long ago, of the long ago.

The frost comes back on the window pane,  
But I look—ah, yes! I look in vain,  
For the friends with whom, 'mid the wintry blast,  
I journeyed, oft, in the long, long past;  
The friends of my early, manhood years,  
When joys and pleasures kept back tears;  
And the cheeks of our comrades, all aglow,  
In the long ago, in the long ago.

The frost comes back on the window pane,  
But I look—ah, yes! I look in vain,  
Across the river—now covered with snow—  
Where you, and I, and all must go;  
And I wonder whether the pathway there  
Is covered all over with sorrow and care,  
Or whether the early pleasures we'll know,  
Of the long ago, of the long ago.

The frost comes back on the window pane,  
And now no longer I look in vain,  
For the joys come back as we all grow gray,  
As we pass o'er the river, forever to stay,  
And you and I on the other shore  
Shall dwell contented and happy, once more,  
When we meet, with our merry laughter and  
chimes,  
As in olden times, as in olden times.







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